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THE REPUBLICAN.

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PROPOSITION TO BUY BELLEFONTE ELECTRIC

Clearfield Syndicate Makes Offer to Take Over Local Plant.

UP TO STOCKHOLDERS

Will be Voted on at Annual Meeting January 10—Price Offered Not Revealed—Same Syndicate Recently Acquired State College Plant.

A proposition for the purchase of the plant of the Bellefonte Electric Company has been submitted by the group of men who some months ago obtained charters for electric lighting, heating and power companies in Milesburg, Unionville and other nearby towns. The same group a few weeks ago purchased the plant of the Nittany Light, Heat & Power Company at State College. The members of the syndicate include Asbury Lee and A. J. Musser, of Clearfield; former Senator John S. Fisher, of Indiana, and several others.

What the outcome of the proposition looking to the acquisition of the Bellefonte Electric Company will be will not be known until it is formally submitted to the stockholders at their annual meeting on January 10th, next. Notices for the meeting were this week received by stockholders.

What the proposition sets forth in detail, the price offered, etc., is not known at this time to stockholders. It is a fact, however, that a formal proposition to buy the plant was submitted by Mr. Lee, who recently visited Bellefonte for that purpose.

From what may be learned it is the plan of the syndicate in question to establish a central distributing plant at Snow Shoe or Moshannon or some other point in the coal fields, where fuel may be had at first hand and shipping charges thereby eliminated. Looking ahead several years, perhaps, it is also their expectation to so extend their service to make possible the lighting and distributing of power in farm houses on the same general scale as rural telephone service is now enjoyed in these districts. According to reliable information, the syndicate does not figure on using water power.

The first move made by the syndicate was the establishing of the electric plant at Snow Shoe. Subsequently charters were obtained for electric companies in Howard, Milesburg, Unionville, Centre Hall and several other towns. More recently local franchises were obtained in Milesburg and Unionville and the plant at State College also was taken over.

Study Class Organized.

A Study Class, under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Bellefonte, has been organized. The subject selected is "United States History," which will be taken up under the following heads; The Discovery of America; The Settlement of the Colonies; The Government of the Colonies; The Revolutionary War; The Critical Period of American History; Founding of Federal Government; The Constitution; The War of 1812; The Civil War; The Factory System; The Tariff; The Trusts; The Public Schools; The Referendum and the Recall, the Machinery of Politics.

The meetings will be held in the new High School Building at 8 o'clock on the first Tuesday evening and the second and third Monday evenings of every month. The leaders of the various topics have been chosen and are making their preparations to give valuable and entertaining instructions.

The Study Class is an opportunity for everybody, whether club members or not. Men, women and the young people are most cordially invited to take advantage of it.

The first meeting will be held on January 20, at which time Dr. Hawes, a student and lover of history will be the speaker.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
Woman's Club of Bellefonte.

"The Lion and the Mouse."

There is a great deal of novelty connected with "The Lion and the Mouse," a dramatic picture of household life connected with the career of a financial magnate. "Ready Money" Ryder, the central character of the play who represents the money octopus of the present time is probably one of the greatest characterizations ever written into an American play. That the drama is one of the most successful ever produced in this country goes without saying. It enjoyed an uninterrupted run in New York for two years and has been seen in almost every city of the United States. At Garman's Opera House, January 15.

FIRST PARCELS POST

In Operation Yesterday; First Real Test Will Come Today.

Although yesterday was a legal holiday, the opening day for the operation of the new parcels post service brought a surprisingly large number of packages at the Bellefonte postoffice. These included parcels for outgoing as well as from incoming mails. Today will come a real test of how the mail carriers will fare with their additional burdens for deliveries. There were no such deliveries from the local office yesterday.

The arriving morning mails brought quite a lot of parcels post packages from Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and intermediate points, which had been mailed the night before. In the incoming mails were also parcels post packages from Coburn and other points in Penns valley. That these packages in some instances contained dressed poultry, butter, eggs, meats, etc., was rather suggested by the presence of labels marked "Perishable" or "Fragile." In a few cases the packages were bulky enough to make the local clerks and carriers realize the busy days ahead when the system is better perfected and more generally used

CUPID FAIRLY BUSY

Marriage Licenses for 1912 Fall 10 Below Record for Preceding Year.

Dan Cupid was fairly busy in 1912. As it was he lagged a little at the wind-up of the year and dropped back 10 points as compared with the preceding year. Register Frank Smith is inclined to attribute it to the weather. His deputy, Miss Anna Nolan, explains that a comparison of the two years is hardly fair, since Cupid has several deals on hand which are just as good as closed and which might just as well have been added to the total for 1912.

For 1912 Register Smith issued 296 marriage licenses, whereas in 1911 Register Tuten issued 306. November, as usual, proved a top-notch record for the year, although June was up to about the mark of the preceding year. The Christmas holiday season this year witnessed quite a number of weddings, a total of 22 licenses having been issued in the closing weeks of December.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Harry M. Garrett, Sadie M. Rishel,	Rebersburg Madisonburg
Lester E. Hosterman, Ida G. Brungart,	Wolf's Store Loganton
M. Tibbens Zubler, Lodie G. Rishel,	Spring Mills "
L. Maynard Barger, Iva V. Hennigh,	Spring Mills "
Henry Stoner, Ella Resides,	Centre Hall State College
Harry Bennett, Sarah R. Lewis,	Port Matilda Kylertown
Lloyd A. Houser, Esther A. Hennick,	Gregg Twp. "
Harris J. Boone, Ruth A. Baker,	Howard "
James C. Packer, Ida J. Watson,	Curtin Runville
Albert Hazzard, Sarah Cartwright,	Moshannon "
Charles C. Fravel, Beatrice L. Strunk,	Orviston Howard
James Meyer, Madaline McClellan,	Pleasant Gap Bellefonte
Thomas C. Bartges, Ancinetta L. Miller,	Centre Hall Madisonburg
James B. Hall, Priscilla Gee,	Julian "
David C. Shilling, Jule McClellan,	Bellefonte "
David L. Weaver, Mary E. Houtz,	Benore "
Paul L. Guelich, Minnie H. Whitney,	Philipsburg Osceola Mills
Andy Bosak, Annie Boblasky,	Sugar Camp, "
Harry R. Brungart, Irene R. Rishel,	Pittsburgh Spring Mills
Curtis DeHaas, Georgie Fravel,	Blanchard "
Charles W. Young, Margaret M. McKinney,	Howard Orviston

Keene the Magician.

Magician Keene performs some truly marvelous illusions. He has a pleasing delivery and holds the good will of his audience from start to finish. By constant study and experiment, coupled to his natural ability as a magician, he has placed himself indisputably at the head of his profession in this country. In all he does the magician shows himself the perfect master of his art and all who witness his wonderful performances admire and praise his skill and deftness. Each trick presented by Magician Keene seems to surpass the preceding one in weirdness and the audience is kept in continual suspense for the unexpected. Keene will be at Garman's Opera House, January 11th, matine and evening.

TRAIN STRIKES WOMAN WALKING IN HER SLEEP

Miss Lillian Cullen, of Tyrone, Victim of Strange Accident.

ONE LEG WAS SEVERED

Woman Had Been in Poor Health and Wandered Away from Home While Others in Family Were Asleep—When Found Was on Knees in Prayer.

While walking in her sleep early Monday morning, Miss Mary Cullen, of Tyrone Forge, was run down by an eastbound train. One of her legs was cut off a few inches below the knee. She was removed to the Altoona hospital.

Miss Cullen had on a number of occasions got up in her sleep and walked out of the house. She suffered a slight stroke of paralysis last summer and since that time had not enjoyed good health. She was planning a trip to Atlantic City for this week in the hope that it would result in benefit to her health.

No one seems quite able to definitely fix the time of the accident. She retired for the night on Sunday and appeared to be in good spirits. So far as may be figured out she arose during the early hours of Monday morning and walked out of the house and onto the railroad tracks. It was a few minutes after 7 o'clock in the morning when several track men found her resting on her knees and seemingly in prayer. She was gently picked up and carried to her home, a short distance nearby. The other members of the family were aroused and informed of the accident. In addition to the injury to her leg she was badly cut about the face and head.

Progress With Glass Works.

Gratifying progress is reported by those in charge of the project to establish a glass works plant in Bellefonte. The canvass of the business men and others in town for stock subscriptions has been such as to greatly encourage the promoters.

In the "Popular Mechanics" magazine for January appears an interesting article bearing on the manufacture of glass. The article leads off with the rather striking declaration that "glass might be used to build houses if it could be made stronger and manufactured more cheaply than at present." Robert L. Fink, in a paper read before the recent International Congress of Applied Chemistry in New York city, predicted that in the future houses would be made of glass and also that water pipes, etc., would be ofthe same substance.

One of the arguments presented by the magazine article in question is that machine-made glass breaks so easily that it cannot compare with glass produced by blowing.

Appointed Mercantile Appraiser.

P. W. Young, of Port Matilda, found a very acceptable Christmas present in his stocking last week, the same being official notice of his appointment as mercantile appraiser for Centre County for the coming year. The appointment was made at the last meeting of the Board of County Commissioners before Christmas. Mr. Young is an estimable gentleman and is now planning to take up his new duties. He succeeds former County Commissioner H. E. Zimmerman, who served as appraiser in 1912.

Brakeman's Sad Accident.

William H. Miller, a brakeman at Osceola, met with a sad and painful accident while at work on the railroad about 6 o'clock last Saturday evening. He was aiding in placing some cars at the Orient colliery when he slipped and fell under the wheels of the rear car. His feet were badly mangled and both were amputated at the Philipsburg hospital. Mr. Miller is about 34 years old. He has a wife and six children.

Harry H. and Charles A. Schreyer, of Chicago arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday, enroute to Milton to attend the funeral of their sister, the late Mrs. George W. Evans, of Lock Haven.

State Secretary of Agriculture N. B. Critchfield was in Bellefonte on Tuesday, enuroute to Harrisburg from State College, where he had been in attendance upon the interesting sessions of Farmers' Week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Huyett, of Centre Hall, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Leila May Huyett, to Mr. William Austin Magee. Mr. Magee is the eldest son of the late R. [illegible] Magee, and is now located in business in Philadelphia.

EDW. BULLOCK KILLED BY TRAIN AT CLARENCE

Several Freights Passed Over Body in Darkness of Night.

WAS GROUND TO PIECES

Unfortunate Man Was Walking to His Home at Snow Shoe When He Was Run Down by Beech Creek Train—Leaves Widow and Several Children.

Edward Bullock, of Snow Shoe, was run down and instantly killed on the Beech Creek railroad, at Clarence, about 11 o'clock Monday night. The accident was not discovered for several hours and two or three trains ran over the unfortunate man's body, mangling it so terribly that it was some time before identification could be made.

It is supposed that Bullock was walking on the railroad track and that he either became confused or did not hear a freight train approaching. He was knocked down and the wheels of the train passed over his body. A short time later a second and then a third train happened along, each grinding up pieces of Bullock's body until by the time the accident was discovered there was hardly a piece of his flesh or a shred of clothing remaining to aid in his identification. Bullock wore a heavy mustache, but even this was ground up.

Bullock was about 40 years of age and resided in Snow Shoe borough. The accident happened across at Clarence, supposedly at a time when Bullock was returning to his home. Bullock leaves a widow and several children.

Sheriff Lee's Father Dead.

William Henry Lee, father of Sheriff A. B. Lee, died on Friday, December 26th, at his late home at Colyer. He had been in failing health for upward of one year, due to a general complication of diseases. Mr. Lee was born in Potter township and at the time of his death was aged 70 years, 6 months and 25 days. He was a life-long and active member of the United Evangelical church. He engaged in farming until about 16 years ago, when he retired from active work. He was a citizen of sterling worth and was respected and admired by all who knew him. Surviving to mourn his passing away are a widow and these children: Sheriff A. B. Lee, of Bellefonte; Mrs. Charles A. (Ida) Miller, who lives on the old homestead, and Mrs. Foster (Anna) Frazier, whose home is at Tusseyville. Two brothers and four sisters also survive: John R. Lee, of Colyer. Jacob Lee, of Centre Hill; Mrs. W. H. Myer, of Centre Hall; Mrs. Bella Hettinger, of Spring Mills; Mrs. Jonas Bible, of Potters Mills and Mrs. Clara Ferry, of York. Funeral services were held from the Zion church at Tusseyville on Monday morning, December 30th, conducted by Rev. S. A. Snyder, pastor of the United Evangelical church. Interment was made at Tusseyville.

Mrs. Hannah Emerick Dead.

Mrs. Hannah Emerick, widow of the late James Emerick, died on Sunday, last, at her late home in Altoona, aged 81 years. She had been enjoying very good health until shortly before her death, when she contracted pneumonia. The remains were brought to Bellefonte yesterday and taken from the train to the Union cemetery, where interment was made. Rev. William VanTries, a former Bellefonte boy and now pastor of the Broad Avenue Presbyterian church in Altoona, of which the deceased was a member, accompanied the funeral party and conducted the services at the grave. The Emericks formerly resided at Axe Mann, where James Emerick was engaged as a wagon-maker. For some years they have made their home in Altoona. Mrs. Emerick was the oldest member of the Broad Avenue Presbyterian church. Surviving to mourn her death are these children: William Emerick, of Columbus, Ohio; John George, Frank and James, of Altoona, and Thomas, of Pittsburgh. Mrs. Henry Walters, of Shiloh, is a stepdaughter.

Mrs. Margaret Evans Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Evans, wife of George W. Evans, of Lock Haven, died at her late home at that place on Sunday night. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Jonathan Harper, of Bellefonte, and at the time of her death she was in her 81st year. She was born at Milton, at which place interment was made yesterday.

Hazel Bros., grocers, sent out some nty calendars during the holidays.

AGED COUPLE DEAD

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shuey Pass Away Within Few Days of Each Other.

The passing away of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shuey, parents of Rev. C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte, was an especially sad occurrence during the Christmas holiday season. Both were aged residents of near State College. Mrs. Shuey died on Saturday, December 21, and was buried on Tuesday, the 24th. Her husband, on returning from the funeral, was seized with acute indigestion. He became violently ill and died on the afternoon of Christmas day. On the 27th, or less than one week from the date of his wife's death, he was laid to rest by her side in the old Houserville cemetery. Both were life-long members of the Evangelical church. Rev. S. A. Snyder, the pastor of the Houserville charge, conducted the funeral services for both.

Before her marriage Mrs. Shuey was Sarah Strohm, daughter of Michael Strohm. She was born in Penns valley, near Aaronsburg, December 5, 1830. For a short time they resided in Buffalo Run valley, but for upward of 61 years they made their home near State College. For 34 years they resided on the same farm. Surviving Mrs. Shuey is one brother, Christian Strohm, of Grace Hill, Illinois.

Jacob Shuey, her husband, was born in Centre Hall on September 6, 1830. He was the son of Peter Shuey. He was engaged in farming during all of his life and was a man who was admired for his many good qualities. Surviving to mourn his death are these children: Mrs. W. H. Johnstonbaugh, of Marion township; Peter Shuey, of Donora, Pa., and Rev. C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte. Two children died in infancy, while two others passed away in early life. Surviving are also one brother and one sister: Jonathan Shuey, of State College, who is in his 86th year, and Mrs. C. D. Houtz, of Lemont, who is about 72 years old.

Linn S. Bottorf Dead.

Following a decline in health, which had its inception several years ago, Linn S. Bottorf died on Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock at his late home at Lemont. While his death was not unexpected it has occasioned the deepest sorrow among his many friends. For about four years Mr. Bottorf spent the greater part of the time at Asheville, North Carolina, where he found the climate beneficial to his health. Since April of last year he had been at his home at Lemont. He was at the time of his death aged 36 years, 2 months and 24 days. Surviving to mourn his passing away are his mother, Mrs. Jacob Bottorf, of Lemont; his widow, who before her marriage was Ethel Dale, a daughter of Cornelius and Georgiana Dale, and also these children: Helen, Harold, Kenneth, Richard and William, the last named being but 9 months old. These brothers and sisters also survive: Willis M. Bottorf, of Bellefonte; D. Hall Bottorf, of Lemont; Mrs. John I. Olewine, of Bellefonte; Mrs. John S. Waite, of Lock Haven; Mrs. Robert R. Reed, of State College, and Miss Ella M. Bottorf, at home. Mr. Bottorf was a member of Noble Lodge No. 480, F. & A. M. and also of the I. O. O. F. Lodge of Curwensville. He was a member of the Presbyterian church. Funeral services will be held on Friday afternoon from his mother's home at Lemont, conducted by Rev. W. K. Harnish. Interment will be made at Boalsburg.

Clarence Smith Dead.

Clarence Smith, a brother of Mrs. David R. Foreman, of Bellefonte, died on Monday, last, at his late home at Johnstown. He was operated on several months ago and was thought to be recovering, but he suffered a sinking spell on Monday and died rather suddenly. The deceased was aged about 56 years and was a son of the late A. H. Smith, of near Philipsburg, who was a Civil war veteran and who died a number of years ago. Clarence Smith was employed in the shipping department of the Cambria Steel Co., at Johnstown, and was a member of the United Presbyterian church, Knights of Pythias and Sons of Veterans. His remains were removed to Philipsburg for interment there yesterday.

Mrs. Elmer Shank Dead.

Mrs. Elmer Shank died at her late home at State College last Friday morning from Bright's disease. She was 38 years old and is survived by a husband and three children, who mourn the death of a good wife and a kindly, devoted mother. She was a consistent member of the Lutheran church. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Sasserman officiating. Interment was made at Boalsburg.

WM. B. MINGLE IS DEAD END COMES SUDDENLY

Stricken With Heart Failure on Friday at Centre Hall Home.

A LEADER AMONG MEN

Many Years Prominent in Social and Business Activities in His Home Community—Was Cashier of Centre Hall National Bank.

William B. Mingle, widely known throughout Centre County and cashier of the Centre Hall National Bank from the time of its inception, died suddenly on Friday morning, last, at his late home at Centre Hall. His death was due to heart failure. He was idling away a little leisure time attending to some odd jobs about the yard at his home, his wife being nearby. Mrs. Mingle became conscious of the fact that she had not heard him move about for a few minutes, and excusing herself from a neighbor, with whom she had been chatting, she started to investigate. She found Mr. Mingle sitting on the floor in his barn, his head resting against a bale of hay. His hat was on, his glasses had not been disturbed, but he was lifeless. His death had evidently been instantaneous. Funeral services were held from the late home on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Jones, pastor of the Reformed church. Interment was made at Centre Hall.

It comes to few men to play such an important part in the life of a community as was enjoyed for many years by William B. Mingle. A natural leader among men, his was a prominent and important part in all that affected or concerned the social and business life of the community which marked the scene of his activities for forty years. He was the confidant and adviser of scores upon scores of friends. It was characteristic of him to take time to give the benefit of his best judgment to those who consulted him, and it was in doing such little helpful things for others that he derived the greatest pleasure. He was identified with many enterprises and by his passing away his home community sustains a loss which is keenly felt and deeply regretted.

Mr. Mingle was born at Aaronsburg on September 15, 1845, the son of Henry A. Mingle, a former Commissioner of Centre County. When a young man he was united in marriage with Miss Lizzie Yearick, a daughter of Thomas Yearick, of Aaronsburg. Removing to Centre Hall they made that place their home for the last forty years. For a number of years Mr. Mingle was Justice of the Peace in Centre Hall. He was an active and consistent member of the Reformed church.

Surviving to mourn the passing away of a devoted husband and a kindly, considerate father are a widow and two children: Mrs. Emory Hoy, of Philadelphia, and W. Gross Mingle, of Centre Hall. These brothers also survive: Dr. D. H. Mingle, of Maxwell, Iowa; Thomas J. Mingle, of Minneapolis Minn.; A. C. Mingle, of Bellefonte, and Edward Mingle, of Aaronsburg.

Mackeyville Miller Injured.

While G. Reed Worrick, proprietor of the Mackeyville flouring mills, was driving home from Lock Haven last Saturday afternoon, one of his horses got a leg over the wagon tongue and causing a runaway. Mr. Worrick was thrown out and suffered a dislocated shoulder and some painful cuts and bruises. The team ran a half mile or so from the place where he was thrown out. He was picked up by Dr. J. M. Dumm, who fortunately happened along that way and removed him to his home at Mackeyville.

Edmund Blanchard Weds.

The marriage of Miss Ellen Donnelly and Mr. Edmund Blanchard was solemnized on Saturday, December 28th, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Donnelly, at Ridley Park, near Philadelphia. Owing to recent bereavement in the home of the groom the immediately families only were in attendance. Mr and Mrs. Blanchard will be "at home" in Bellefonte after February 15th. They will make their home with Mr. Blanchard's sisters, on Linn Street.

The new year was ushered in to the accompaniment of blowing of whistles, ringing of bells, etc., in Bellefonte. The enthusiasts who found delight in shooting off revolvers should have been immediately drafted to walk the floor with the youngsters in nearby homes who were awakened by the noise.

38 Convicted of Dynamite Conspiracy.

Thirty-eight of the forty labor union officials on trial at Indianapolis on the charge of aiding in the transportation of dynamite for use in blowing up non-union buildings, bridges, etc., were last Saturday found guilty after a lengthy trial. On Monday the convicted men were sentenced by Judge Anderson. Had they been given the maximum sentence each would have been compelled to serve 39 years in prison. Judge Anderson, moved to pity by the sorrow among the wives and mothers of the convicted men, imposed sentences ranging from one to seven years.

Frank M. Ryan, president of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, was sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the Leavenworth Federal prison.

John T. Butler, vice president, of Buffalo, Herbert S. Hockin, ex-secretary, of Detroit, both of the Iron Workers union; Olaf A. Tvietmore, of San Francisco Building Trades Council; Eugene A. Clancy, San Francisco; Philip A. Cooley, New Orleans; Michael J. Young, Boston; J. E. Munsey, Salt Lake City, and Frank C. Webb, New York, were each sentenced to six years in the same institution.

The following were sentenced to three years' confinement; Michael J. Cunnane, Philadelphia; Charles N. Beum, Minneapolis; Henry W. Legleightner, Denver; Edward Smythe, Peoria; George Anderson, Cleveland; E. G. Basey, Indianapolis; Wilford B. Brown, Kansas City; William J. McCain, Kansas City; Paul J. Morrin, St. Louis; William E. Ridden, Milwaukee; Michael J. Hannon, Scranton and Murray L. Pennell, Springfield, Ill.

Those sentenced for two years are: Frank J. Higgins, Boston; Frank K. Fainter, Omaha; Richard H. Houlihan, Chicago; Fred Sherman, Indianapolis.

The next group were sentenced to a prison term of one year and one day. There were James E. Ray, Peoria; W. C. Bernhardt, Cincinnati; William Shupe, Chicago; Fred J. Mooney, Duluth; Edward E. Philips, Syracuse; Charles Wachemeister, Detroit.

John H. Barry, of Detroit, and Peter J. Smith, of Cleveland, were each sentenced to four year terms and judgment was withheld and sentence suspended on James Cooney, Chicago; Frank J. Murphy, Detroit; James A. Coughlin, Chicago; Patrick F. Farrell, New York; Hiram R. Cline, Muncie, Ind.

The jury went out at 5 P. M. Thursday, and there were pitiful scenes when the verdicts were announced.

When the jurors entered the courtroom, at 10 o'clock, they passed the forty defendants, who sat tense and pale.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon verdicts?" asked Judge Anderson. "We have," said the foreman, rising.

His voice was like a whisper, but it echoed throughout the courtroom.

Clerk Butler stepped forward and took it from his outstretched hand.

In a clear voice Mr. Butler read: "We, the jury, find the defendants, Frank M. Ryan, Eugene Clancy, H. S. Hockin," and so on through the list of thirty-eight names, and ended with the words, "guilty, as charged in the indictment."

The first sentence of the verdict gave no intimation of what the verdict was to be, and every defendant, in fact, everybody in the crowded room, leaned forward to catch the word that should declare guilt or innocence. The silence was death-like.

Before Judge Anderson could speak, there were sounds of suppressed sobbing in many parts of the room. The countenances of the defendants had fallen as though every hope lay prostrate within them. The sobbing became more violent as the full force of the verdict fell upon the wives of the convicted men, and sympathetic tears were shed by many of the women present. Here and there among the defendants was a moist eye concealed by a handkerchief, but in the main, they sat intense and rigid.

Frank M. Ryan was deeply moved, but soon concealed his emotion by dropping his head on his arms as they lay on the table at which he had sat since the trial began.

Two minutes did not elapse before Judge Anderson was speaking his thanks to the jury.

Thirty wives and as many children are affected by the findings of the jury. While the scene was being enacted in the courtroom, the 4-years-old son of William C. Bernhardt, of Cincinnati, one of the defendants, was playing in the lobby with a red-painted toy engine, which he had received for Christmas. He had become the pet of the federal building, and could not understand when told his father was "going away."

As United States Marshall Edward Schmidt ordered the prisoners, one by one, to step before the court, the wives of a score of the men in the rear of the room leaned over the railings, calling for their husbands.

Mrs. Frank J. Higgins, of Boston, leaned for over the railing and collapsed. She had been crying hysterically.

Another disposition was shown by Mrs. John H. Barry, of St. Louis. With a smile she threw her arms about her husband begging him to have courage. 'Be of good cheer, John," she said. "You cannot expect a severe punishment."

As his name was called, Frank K. Painter, of Omaha, pulled a stickpin out of his necktie and his purse out of his pocket and handed them to one of his attorneys.

James Cooney, one of the Chicago prisoners sat with outward calm reading a newspaper while the verdicts were being read, and threw down the paper only when he was called to step before the court.

"On the job," responded Edward Smythe, of Peoria, Ill., when he was asked to step forward and his florid round face was wreathed in smiles.

J. E. Munsey, alias "Jack" Bright, of Salt Lake City, walked out of courtroom with a cigarette in his mouth.

Immense crowds assembled in the streets about the federal building when the verdicts were being returned and, when the prisoners were brought out, each handcuffed between two deputy marshals the streets became so clogged the police had to force the people back.

As they emerged handcuffed on the top steps of the building, with Frank Ryan, his face seamed with care, in their lead, the group of prisoners stood between two colossal marble statues representing Liberty and Justice. The scene was bathed in a golden winter sunlight The crowds looked up but were silent.

Silence, too, attended the prisoners as in a file almost half a block long they marched linked to their keepers, toward the Marion county jail. People looked from the upper parts of buildings, from the windows of street cars and from the sidewalks, but there was no demonstration. For five blocks the prisoners thus marched through the streets to reach the jail in the southeastern section of the city.

In the rear were, rushing and trying to keep up, the wives, who had become confused in emerging from the federal building and who were inquiring the way to the jail. Many of the women elbowed through the crowds, courageously keeping the pace set by the prisoners ahead but others lagged behind or lost their way.

At the county jail the relatives of the prisoners and labor union associates soon appeared in such great numbers it was impossible to admit them.

Marshal Schmidt held a conference with government officials as to what steps to take in handling those who claimed the privilege of seeing the prisoners.

"Lawyers first and the women afterward," he finally announced as his decision as to who should be admitted to the cells.

Leg Fractured in Accident.

James Stover, son of Samuel Stover, of Spring Mills, and Roy Hull, who lives at present near the White Rock quarries, were driving to Bellefonte on Saturday night, December 21st, when they met with a run-away accident. A short distance beyond Harry Irvin's grocery store, nearby the swing factory, a lady threw a basin of water into the street just as the horse came along. The horse frightened and started to run. Both young men were thrown out of the buggy and Stover suffered a fractured leg. Hull escaped with a few bruises, The buggy was wrecked.

Sisters Brides Same Day.

Misses Julia and Madeline McClellan became brides on the same day, both being married on Tuesday, December 24th. They are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William McClellan. Rev. C. W. Winey officiated at both weddings. Miss Julia McClellan was married to David C. Shilling, of Bellefonte. Her sister, Miss Madeline McClellan, became the bride of James Meyer, of Pleasant Gap. The many friends of the happy young couples wish them all the good things in life.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

Mrs. Foster Garman Dead.

Mrs. Martha Garman, wife of Foster Garman, died on Sunday, December 22, at the home of her parents in Buffalo Run. Her death was caused by tuberculosis. Deceased was a daughter of Wesley Rider and at the time of her death was aged 19 years and 5 months. Funeral services were held on Tuesday, December 24, conducted by Rev. C. W. Winey, pastor of Bellefonte United Brethren church. Interment was made in the Meyers cemetery.

Death of a Child.

Margaret, the 3-years-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Emel, of Pleasant View, died on December 17th. She had been in failing health for some time, her death being due to a complication of ailments. She was an especially bright child and was greatly adored by her parents, who are heartbroken over her untimely death. Funeral services were held on December 19th.

Itching, torturing skin cruptions, disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cure. Fifty cents at any drug store.—Advt.

PARTY PLEDGED TO END WASTE

Next Legislature on Record For Water Conservation

PLATFORM PLANK IMPORTANT

Committee of Republican Party at Work Preparing Bills to Redeem Promises Made at May State Convention—Water Storage One of Them.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 2.—Decided impetus has been given to the plans of the Water Utilization Association of Pennsylvania through the election of a Republican legislature in this state at the November election. The association aims to secure an enlargement of the powers of the Water Supply commission in order that the state's water resources can be developed under wise control.

At the May state convention of the Republican party a plank was inserted in the platform placing the party on record as approving certain policies with relation to the use of the state's water, subsequently adopted by the Water Utilization association. This plank in the party platform reads as follows:

"Particularly do we deem it advisable for the state of Pennsylvania to take a firm grasp upon its water problems. Transportation, flood prevention, reclamation, sewerage, water power and other incidents of water flow are questions of extreme importance to the commonwealth. While these questions present different aspects from the national, the state and the municipal viewpoints, their solution cannot be adequately and efficiently effected except by some plan of harmonious and co-operative action. The state of Pennsylvania, standing as it does between the federal government with multitudinous demands pressing upon it, and the counties and municipalities, with their limited powers, must take the lead in the preparation of a comprehensive plan of development. We pledge the enactment of laws permitting and providing for joint action and joint contribution of funds for these purposes. We pledge immediate state appropriations for the improvement of the Delaware river and the port of Philadelphia and for flood prevention in the western part of the state."

The Republican state convention appointed a legislative committee to prepare and urge the enactment of bills carrying out the provisions of the platform. This committee is made up as follows:

Representing eastern section: John J. Gheen, William Draper Lewis, William J. Turner, Thomas [illegible] and Robert D. Dripps.

Representing central section: Robert C. Bair, William H. Hoerner, A. Nevin Detrich, William Fawcett and W. L. Baldridge.

Representing western section: William Flinn, Guy B. Mayo, H. K. Selbeneck, George W. Weingartner, Stephen G. Porter, Henry G. Wasson and John B. Elchenauer.

Mr. Elchenauer, one of the western representatives, is a member of the executive committee of the Water Utilization Association of Pennsylvania and is co-operating in the preparation of legislation to be presented by that organization.

CHILDISH COSTUME.

Simplicity, Yet Richness, In This Fur Coat.

OF MOLESKIN AND ERMINE.

The little coat of moleskin is matched by a babyish bonnet, and both are trimmed with bands of ermine. A big ermine muff completes the furry daintiness of this small girl.

Buttoned boots are worn by all children in the street, and the pictured boots are of white buckskin with ribbed stockings of heavy white silk.

HELPFUL WORDS

From a Bellefonte Citizen.

Is your back lame and painful?
Does it ache especially after exertion?
Is there a soreness in the kidney region?
These symptoms suggest weak kidneys.
If so there is danger in delay.
Weak kidneys get fast weaker.
Give your trouble prompt attention.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys,
Your neighbors use and recommend them.
Read this Bellefonte testimony.

Mrs. James Rine, 239 W. High street, Bellefonte Pa., says: "Some years ago I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Phamacy Co. and was cured of kidney complaint and backache that had caused me no end of suffering. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement and I now take pleasure in confirming that testimonial. The cure Doan's Kidney Pills gave me has been permanent."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name - Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Charles T. Homan et al to William H. Homan, 150 acres in Potter twp; $7300.

Alice Dutrow et bar to William H. Homan, 14 acres in Potter twp; $1.00

William H. Homan to Alice Dutrow, 176 acres in Potter twp; $6000.

Henry Swartz et al to Charles H. Lee, 106 acres in Walker twp; $5900.

George R. Meiss et ux to David T. Stoner, 79 acres in Potter twp; $350.

Milton R. Johnson et ux to Enoch Hugg, premises in Milesburg boro; $600.

William H. Beck et ux to Milton S. McDowell, plot in State College; $500.

William H. Homan et al to Charles T. Homan, tract in Ferguson twp; $55.

William H. Homan et al to Charles T. Homan, two tracts in Ferguson & Patton twp; $150.

William H. Homan et al to Charles T. Homan, 150 acres in Ferguson twp; $7750.

John A. Guiswite et ux to Elizabeth Arney, 15 acres in Haines twp; $1.00

W. R. Motz et al to M. J. Yearick, tract in Haines twp; $420.

Harry C. Kling to John Fulton, tract in Rush twp; $45.

William L. Foster et al to Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, lot in State College; $400.

E. Blanche Kunes to Rev. Eugene A Garvey, lot in State College; $450.

H. G. Krape et ux to J. C. Brungart, tract in Miles twp; $25.

Jennie K. Reifsnyder et al to Wm. H. Reifsnyder, premises in Millheim; $1.00

Lydie J. Switzer et al to Ella S. Switzer et al, premises in Philipsburg; $1.00.

Edward Leathers et al exrs. to N. E. Lighthammer, premises in Howard boro; $1750.

Hester S. Christ et al to H E. Coble, tract in College twp; $100.

George B. Jackson et ux to Joseph L. Woomer, premises in State College; $1500.

Minnie B. Houser, et bar to James P. Aikens, premises in Ferguson twp; $675.

Cora M. Brown et al to S. Edwin Brown, 77 acres in Potter twp; $650.

Margaretta Wagner et al to S. Edwin Brown et al, 77 acres in Potter twp; $350.

Scotia Couple Wedded.

An informal but very pretty wedding was solemnized on Monday of Christmas week at the United Brethren church parsonage in Bellefonte, Rev. C. W. Winey officiating The contracting parties were Miss Mary Ellen Houtz and David L. Weaver, both of Scotia. Their numerous admiring friends extend hearty congratulations.

Stoner—Resides.

On December 21st, in the evening at 9.30 o'clock, Mr. Henry Stoner, of Tusseyville, and Mrs. Ella Resides, of State College, were quietly married by Rev. S. C. Stover at the Reformed parsonage at Boalsburg.

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat. Heals cuts, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.—Advt.

For the Children

Czarevitch Alexis, Heir to the Russian Throne.

This handsome little boy in the uniform of a Russian hussar is the Czarevitch Alexis, heir apparent to the throne of Russia. He was born in July, 1904, so he has just passed his eighth birthday. His title in Russian is grand duke, and czarevitch means in English crown prince—that is, he will some day become czar if he outlives his father, Czar Nicholas II. Grand Duke Alexis has English blood in his veins, as his mother is a granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria of England.

Recently Alexis has been very much in the public eye because of a reported attempt on his life by nihilists. Since his birth he has been the most carefully guarded of European royal children and is constantly under the care of Cossack officers chosen for their fidelity to the royal household. Most American boys would rebel at being under constant espionage, but that is one of many disagreeable things that royalty must endure. How much better to be a free American than the mightiest ruler of a monarchy!

Useful Kitchen Hint.

Practical and useful is this new vegetable and noodle shredder which the shops are showing. It has seven sharp cutters in form of wheels which

VEGETABLE SHREDDER.

fit into a steel plate. This plate makes smooth the dough when noodles are made, and it is easily manipulated by pushing up and down over the vegetable or food to be cut into even strips.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

I Will Prove It To You At My Expense.

YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING PAINS, LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHICH I BELIEVE WILL CURE YOU. I WILL SEND IT FREE, POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU.

J.C. HUTZELL, 115 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. Mary E. Snyder Dead.

Mrs. Mary E. Snyder, a most estimable woman and a life-long resident of this section of the State, died on Saturday afternoon, last, at 1.05 o'clock, at her late home at Snow Shoe Intersection. Her demise followed an illness of about fifteen months which was precipitated by a stroke of paralysis. In the latter months of her life she was in very feeble health. At the time of her death she was aged 78 years, 3 months and 8 days. She was the daughter of Captain David and Elizabeth Askey, of Karthaus, Clearfield County. She was born at Chestnut Grove, nearby the home where she died. For many years she was a devout, active member of the Milesburg Methodist Episcopal church. Her many splendid qualities endeared her to a large circle of admiring friends and by all who knew her intimately her death is deeply mourned. Her husband, Benjamin Snyder, preceded her to the grave about fourteen years ago. Surviving to mourn the loss of a kindly, devoted mother are these children: Mrs. Rebecca Coise, of Indianapolis; Mrs. William Kepler, of Baltimore; Mrs. Oscar Peters, of Lancaster; Jacob C. Snyder, of Milesburg; James, at home; George C. Snyder, of Mill Hall; Eugene L., of Elmira, N. Y., and W. C. Snyder, of Pittsburgh. Funeral services were held from the late home on Tuesday morning at 10.30 o'clock. Interment was made in the Alexander cemetery near Unionville.

Built For the Part.

This is selected from the reminiscences of Mr. F. G. Hales, the famous English war correspondent:

"Once I wandered forth to face a callous world and noticed that a company of strolling players had just arrived in the town. I hunted up the manager and asked him if he was in need of talent. He said he was. Then he asked me if I was an actor. I said I was born an actor. He pulled me into the building and asked me to give him a sample of my powers. Of course I took something easy—the ghost scene in 'Hamlet'—and I played Hamlet, the ghost, and the whole outfit.

"When I had finished the manager took me by the arm and said:

"'I'll engage you. I have the part to suit your histrionic abilities.'

"Then he gave me a big brush, a bucket of paste and a roll of bills.

"'Go forth,' he said, 'and decorate this town. You were built for the part.'

"It was a shock, but I was used to shocks, and so I took it and a half crown payment in advance."

"YOU WERE BUILT FOR THE PART."

Doctors Use This for Eczema

Dr. Evans, Ex-Commissioner of Health, says: "There is almost no relation between skin diseases and the blood." The skin must be cured through the skin. The germs must be washed out, and so salves have long ago been found worthless. The most advanced physicians of this country are now agreed on this, and are prescribing a wash of wintergreen, thymol and other ingredients for eczema and all other skin diseases. This compound is known as D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema.

Dr. Holmes, the well known skin specialist writes: "I am convinced that the D.D.D. Prescription is as much a specific for eczema as quinine for malaria. I have been prescribing the D.D.D. remedy for years." It will take away the itch the instant you apply it.

In fact, we are so sure of what D.D.D. will do for you that we will be glad to let you have a $1 bottle on our guarantee that it will cost you nothing unless you find that it does the work.

Green's PharmacyCo.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C. M Parrish, druggist..

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

(Copyright by the International Press Bureau.)

THE HOLLISTER JEWEL ROBBERY

The Story of a Mysterious Theft

One Monday morning in August, 1910, the Independent Burglary Insurance Company called up the office of the Burns Detective Agency and requested that an operative be sent to their offices at once.

"Cornell," said the manager to me, "you haven't had any experience in the burglary insurance line, but I guess you can handle the work. Go over and see what's up. And, say, Cornell, remember this: this agency is retained by the year by this insurance company. One of our big customers. Treat their work accordingly."

I found the offices of the Independent Company in a Forty-second street building not far from Fifth avenue. On presenting my card I was ushered at once into the private office of the vice president, Mr. Blaney.

"Ah! The man from the Burns Agency?" said Mr. Blaney. "Cornell is the name? Ah, yes; glad they sent you, Mr. Cornell. We've heard something of your work. You've never handled an yof our cases, have you?"

"Not any," I said.

"Well, fortunately this isn't a complicated case, or at least we don't think it is. It's merely a case of investigation to assure ourselves of the propriety of a policy holder's claim. A mere matter of form, almost. We always investigate all claims for payments, you know. Sometimes we are convinced that something is wrong; then we instruct your agency to find something for us to start a fight on. In this case, it isn't anything like that In brief, Col. Malcom P. Hollister's home up on Long Island sound was entered by burglars Saturday night and Mrs. Hollister's diamonds and pearls, valued a $75,000, and insured with us for $50,000, were stolen. There is scarcely the slightest possibility that there is anything wrong in the case. Col. Hollister is a fine, high-minded man, a gentleman of the old school. He has paid this company thousands of dollars in premiums for the last ten years and never presented a claim before this. We are all of the opinion that we will pay his claim in full, in due time. But—as a matter of form, you understand—we're sending you down to look the thing over. Be careful, Mr. Cornell, but be careful of our interests as well as the feelings of Col. Hollister and his family. Assure yourself that the burglary was committed, that Mrs. Hollister's jewels were stolen, and report. That is the case."

That was enough, for before I had got through with it the Hollister case had developed into a case so sensational, so full of strange features that the Independent Burglary Insurance Company never dreamed of, that even today it is spoken of in the office of the agency as "The Hollister Job."

Being new to the work of investigating burglaries for the insurance company I went about the task in a way considerably different from that employed by the experienced investigator. I did not go to the scene of the robbery. The Hollister home lay up among the hills of Long Island on the sound. I had heard of it as a good example of what taste and moderate wealth—moderate for New York—could do in making complete a home. I had heard of Col. Hollister, too, in the same indirect way. He was a retired bond broker, approximately 65 years old. His first wife had died many years before. Five years ago he had married again, this time taking for his bride Margaret Wynderling, the Margaret Wynderling who for a brief space had won such distinction in Bernard Shaw's plays. There had been some opposition to the match at the time on the part of Mr. Hollister's two grown sons by his first marriage. After the wedding this opposition was said to have simmered down until now reports had it that Colonel and Mrs. Hollister were happily at peace with all the world, especially including Hollister's two grown sons. I had seen pictures of both the Colonel and his young wife in the society sections of the papers. The Colonel was an ardent member of the Nassau Hunt Club, and Mrs. Hollister was credited with having developed a great interest in aviation. This served to keep them both in print often enough to make them comparatively well known.

Instead of repairing at once to this reputed ideal home of wealth and culture, I went down town. At the end of three hours' work I entered the offices of the broker with whom Col. Hollister had been associated in business, and who now handled the old gentleman's investments. I was equipped with letters of introduction. The news of the burglary had not been made public so, after introducing myself as a real estate man whom Col. Hollister had approached with a view of making extensive investments, I found no trouble in furthering my avowed mission—that of obtaining a confidential opinion on the state of Col. Hollister's finances. The broker, Glavis by name, pulled his mustache and smiled easily.

"O, the Colonel's all right," said he with a twinkling of his eye. "He isn't rich, you know, not New York rich, but he's comfortably fixed, very comfortably fixed now, since he took my advice and handles the family pocket book himself."

He laughed reminiscently, and I chuckled with him.

"Yes," he went on, "the old man had to be advised a little bit some time ago. I advised him. Mrs. Hollister—fine woman, lovely lady, but inexperienced in handling large sums of money, you know—had been given a free swing at the colonel's bank account. By jove! I tell you she tore a hole into it for two or three years. Yes, sir! Nearly had the colonel off his feet. I said to him, 'Colonel, only one thing for you to do. Shut down on Mrs. Hollister. Don't let her handle a dollar. Otherwise you'll be selling that happy home of yours up on the Sound.'"

"And he shut down?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. Closed down on her tight. For about a year she's had to go to the colonel for every cent she got, and, believe me, sir, the colonel has been careful, very careful, indeed. O, yes, the colonel is safe enough financially. Anything up to a million I should say.

I thanked my new found friend for his friendliness and confidence, and went further on my way, rummaging around Wall street to find all I could about the state of Hollister's finances. There was little enough to find. Apparently the colonel was sound so far as money was concerned, and Glavis was the only man who knew that there ever had been any financial difficulty between him and his wife. Everywhere that I investigated I found Hollister spoken of in the highest terms. He was a fine, honorable gentleman. Mrs. Hollister wasn' so well known among the colonel's friends. In order to make my investigations thorough I got on a Broadway car and rode up to the theatrical district, to the office of a friend of mine who conducted a booking agency. There I gathered that Mrs. Hollister, formerly Margaret Wynderly, was not as happy with her rich husband as she had expected to be. It seemed that Mrs. Hollister had expensive tastes. The colonel did not approve of them. At one time, so the gossip of the Rialto had it, Mrs. Hollister had gone so far as to threaten to go back to the stage to earn money to gratify her whims.

All these minute investigations may seem to the layman to be superfluous in a case like this. What could the Hollister's family affairs have to do with the advent of a burglar in their home? I could not answer this question any better than the reader at the beginning of my search, but successful detective work is largely a matter of watching the small things. It is the small things that the wrong-doer fails to cover, not the large ones; and it is among these small things that the careful detective will often find the tiny item that puts him on the trail of something big. I had no definite plan in so carefully looking up the Hollister family circumstances, I only knew that it was my duty as an investigator of this case to find out all about them that I could.

I ran down all the information I could scare up in New York; then, next morning, I bought a ticket to the station on the Long Island Road, where the Hollister home was located.

I arrived at the station, Soundhurst, near noon and registered at the little hotel in the village. The clerk at the hotel dined at my table and I led him to talk about the Hollister family. I was surprised to find that even there the news of the burglary had not become known, and the clerk did not hesitate in discussing the people who lived in the big house on the Sound.

"I've got a cousin who takes care of their launches and boats," said he, "and I know about all that's going on up there. And let me tell you, mister, those rich folks don't have so much smoother sailing than us poor ones. No sir, they have their rows just like we do. Why, here two months ago this spring, Mrs. Hollister had some of her old theatrical friends out for a visit, and they were raising Ned out in one of the big launches, and Old Hollister came running out in a smaller launch and ordered the whole lot of 'em back to shore. They had a merry old row that night, him and her, and she was going to leave him, and then he cooled down, and at last she agreed to stay. I guess he must have given in to her because she's had that bunch of show people out every Saturday since. And believe me, they have some times, then. One of them is her brother. A young fellow; great sport. After the rest of 'em have gone to bed at night he comes down here and has a few drinks with the bunch in the bar here. Great little fellow."

After dinner I went out and strolled down to the nearest telephone office and called up my friend in the booking office in New York.

"Do you know anything about Mrs. Hollister's brother, a little fellow with sporting tendencies?" I asked.

"Yes, I know of him," came the slow answer. "He's a little no-good. Tries to be an actor sometimes, and a press agent occasionally, and falls down on both jobs."

"What does he live on?"

"Search me. He always has money, though. I've heard that old Hollister sort of takes care of him. Don't believe it, though. The boy is a cheap, bright-light sport."

I went back to the hotel and sat around and smoked for awhile until the clerk again fell into conversation with me. I led the talk back to the Hollisters.

"Was that bunch of theatrical people up there last Saturday night?" I asked.

"Sure thing," was the reply.

"Was the brother with them?"

"O, yes. But I didn't see him drinking around here that time."

I bought the clerk a cigar and strolled away toward the Hollister home.

Instead of going at once to the house I walked twice around the place sizing it up as if I were a burglar looking for a place to enter. One could hardly imagine a harder prospect from the burglar's point of view. The house was upon a bluff overlooking the Sound. All around it ran a red brick wall 12 feet high. On top of the wall were long iron spikes. On the side fronting toward the Sound was the lodge of the boatman; in the opposite corner of the grounds was a small living house, evidently the home of the gardener, while in another corner were the stables and garage, with living quarters for coachman and chauffeur. To enter that house a burglar would have to scale the wall, risk detection from one of the three outlying houses, cross a long open space, and break into a house which obviously was well protected with safeguards. The more I looked at the house the more I became interested. If a burglar had entered and stolen those jewels he must be a man whom it would be an interesting task to run down. But had a burglar entered? Were there any burglars out of prison just then who would venture such a task?

I ran over the list of two-story men whom I knew to be at liberty then. None of them seemed of a class to perform a job like this. There was one man whom the job fitted—Peters, the gentleman burglar—but Peters was in the Federal prison at Leavenworth and so was eliminated.

I spent a long hour studying the house in this fashion; then I went back to the hotel and called up the agency to report for the day. Chief Burns himself answered my call.

"Say, Cornell," he said, "Hollister has been 'phoning the insurance company asking why they don't send out an investigator to look up his claim. What's the matter?"

As briefly and succinctly as I could I related all that I have here told.

"The thing doesn't look right from the outside," said I. "That's why I I'm not reporting at the Hollister house."

The chief was silent for a moment.

"Are you sure her brother was out there Saturday?" he asked.

"That's the information I got here," I replied.

"Well," said he, "you go up to the house and report, and make your investigation. Come back to your hotel for the evening. And for heaven's sake, don't do anything to make them think you may not believe things are all right."

He rang off.

At the Hollister house I was ushered at once in to Col. Hollister on informing the butler of my mission.

"Rather late in getting here," said the colonel. He was an old man, and he was not happy, judging by his expression. He called Mrs. Hollister. She was a young, charming woman, yet somehow I could not get rid of the impression that she was still—there in her own home—playing a part. Together they took me over the scene of the robbery. Mrs. Hollister had been accustomed to keeping her jewels in her dressing table in her room. The room was on the second floor. Saturday night, while they were having an informal little dinner downstairs, the window of the room had been opened, the jewel drawer had been forced and the jewels taken.

"A plain case of robbery by someone who had studied the premises for a long time," said the colonel.

I asked a score of questions to throw them off the scent, and in the meantime I took a careful look at that window. It was 30 feet from the ground, in a flat wall. I looked at the marks on the frame; and then I nearly whistled in surprise. The marks were made by some clumsy round instrument not at all resembling the efficient jimmy of the experienced burglar.

"An amateur's job," said I to myself. I looked more closely, and saw that the window never had been forced open at all. It had been left unlocked! The marks had been put in for a blind, or I was no judge. To force open such windows as were in the Hollister house requires considerable leverage; and the marks of the tool used are sure to sink deep into the wood. In this case, the surface of the frame was only bruised—scarcely dented at all. The windows were not locked when the burglar came to do his work! Whoever had done the job had done it from the inside. The window had no part in it.

I thanked the Hollisters for their courtesy, excused myself because it was growing late, and said it would be necessary for me to pay another short visit to the house in the morning.

"I see that the man who did this job is an old experienced hand," I said, as I took my departure. "The signs of an old-timer's work are all over the job. I'm afraid we'll have a hard time recovering your jewels, Mrs. Hollister, if we ever do."

As I said this I watched her closely and I thought that a slight look of relief seemed to flicker in her eyes; but instantly she began to lament. "O, I hope you do recover them. I never, never will be able to find such perfect stones in another set."

But all the time the impression was with me that this woman still was playing a part, still was acting.

At the hotel I entered my room and stopped short in surprise to see Mr. Burns sitting in my chair.

"Shut the door," he said. "Well, what did you find at the house?"

I told him. I was rather proud of my work. He smiled.

"Cornell," said he, "I picked you out for this case because I know you've got patience for digging up details, and you've certainly made good. I want to tell you, however, that when this case came in I had a hunch that we'd find something queer about it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "Mrs. Hollister's brother's reputation is no secret to me. And Mrs. Hollister's affection for him is known to be almost like a mother's."

We sat still and looked at each other for several long, silent seconds. The Chief waited for me to speak.

"Chief," I cried, "we'd better find this brother right away."

He burst out into his hearty laugh.

"Right, Cornell," he said. "But don't worry. I've had the whole office combing Manhattan Island for him ever since you telephoned in what you had found. If we don't find him soon the chase may be a long one.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because—unless we're all fools at reading the signs—that boy knows something about who got Mrs. Hollister's jewels, and if he does I'm afraid he wouldn't be disposed to stay on this side of the water any longer than he can help."

"Why?" I asked again.

"The Hollister jewels are too well known on this side to be sold here. And the brother, if he is in on this, will want to be in at the sale. Fortunately, you saw the light in a hurry and reported at once. I immediately got into communication with every ocean steamship line and told them to keep an eye open. Hollister hardly can get out of this country unless he's already left the city to take boat at some other port."

While we were sitting thus a telephone call came for the chief. It was from Slavin, one of our men in this city.

"Hollister is under shadow," was Slavin's report. "He's just reserved a birth on the Franconia, to sail tomorrow morning. He's sticking close to his room in the Delmont Hotel in the meantime."

"Don't lose sight of him on your life, Slavin," said the chief, and rang off.

"That about settles it," he said, turning to me. "Cornell, call up Mrs. Hollister, get her on the wire, and ask her if she will see you alone. If she asks why, tell her it's about her brother."

"But why?" I asked in bewilderment.

The chief smiled quizzically. "Why, because I happen to have a heart and a wife, Cornell," he said. "I see now how this thing is going to work out, and—and I want to spare Mrs. Hollister. Darn it, man, women are made queer. We'll give Mrs. Hollister a chance to—to save her brother."

I called up Mrs. Hollister and asked if she would consent to see me alone without her husband's knowledge.

"Why?" she demanded.

"I cannot say over the phone, Mrs. Hollister," I replied. "But—it is about your brother."

There was a silence of several seconds. Then came the answer: "Come to the house at once."

"Good," said the chief, "I'll go with you."

It was night now, and at the Hollister home we were ushered into the library by a maid. Presently Mrs. Hollister came in alone and closed the door behind her.

"What is it?" she cried. "What has happened to my brother?"

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Hollister," I said. "Nothing has happened to him, and nothing will—unless you wish it. It is all up to you."

"What is it?" she whispered. "O, what is it? Tell me."

"Mrs. Hollister," said the chief, "hasn't your brother been pressing you to give him large sums of money lately?"

Her eyes ran from one to the other of us, seeking to read what we knew. She wasn't acting now, and I felt sorry for her.

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"Isn't it a fact," continued the chief, "that Colonel Hollister refused to give you any more money to give your brother?"

She sank into a chair and sat staring at us in terror.

"Mrs. Hollister," said I as gently as I could, "when you saw me looking at that window didn't you see that I knew just as well as you did that no burglar ever had forced his way in there?"

She was dumb with terror; she strove to speak but the words would not come.

"And don't you know that my suspicions naturally pointed to your brother? And just now we've learned that he's booked to sail on the Franconia in the morning."

"And, Mrs. Hollister," said the chief with a gentleness I never had suspected him of, "we'd have to arrest your brother on suspicion if he attempts to sail—knowing what we do."

"What do you want me to do?" she cried suddenly, flinging out her arms. "Don't hurt that poor boy! What do you want me to do?"

I looked at the chief.

"Mrs. Hollister," said he, "we are only engaged to investigate this case for the Independent Burglary Insurance Company. Our duty at present merely is to report that we do not advise the payment of your claim without further investigation. Then we will be instructed to continue our investigation at once. Which means that our duty would force us to take your brother into custody."

She thought it over for a few minutes. Then she went into the hall and called for her wraps and the big touring car.

"Where are you going madame," asked the maid.

"I've got to run in to the Delmont Hotel," said Mrs. Hollister caimly, "I have an appointment there for this evening."

Late that night Col. Hollister called up Mr. Blaney of the Independent Burglary Insurance Company.

"I say, Blaney," said he, "drop that claim we presented for Mrs. Hollister's jewels. Luckiest thing in the world just happened. Mrs. Hollister's brother just came out to the house and took a walk down by the beach and found the jewel case with the stones all in it lying under a bunch of sand grass. Yes, yes; found them—all of them—yes; the burglars must have dropped them in making their escape.—Yes; probably escaped in a motor boat up the sound.—Yes. Smart boy, that Mrs. Hollister's brother, Blaney. I'm going to do something handsome for him.—Yes; drop the claim completely. The jewels are back here safe in the house, and that's all we care for. Good night, Blaney, good night."

A few days later the news of the attempted burglary of the Hollister home leaked out, and the newspapers made a great ado over the finding of the stolen jewels. But I wonder what they would have done had they known at the time that what I have told here is the real story of how the Hollister jewels did not disappear.

"She sank into a chair and sat staring at us in terror."

LIKE MESSAGE FROM DEAD

Photographs of Fez Massacre Victims Are Found After Their Death.

Like a message from the grave have arrived at the office of L'Illustration in Paris some photographs taken just a few days before the massacre at Fez, in which the photographer himself, Jean Bringau, and his young and charming wife, met their deaths, together with other members of the French colony.

On the day following the signing of the treaty acknowledging the protectorate by France the sultan invited to his palace several French officials and their wives. Mulai Hafid was in excellent humor, and was particularly attentive to Mme. and Mlle. Regnault, Mme. Jacques Dumersnil, wife of the deputy for Seine-et-Marne, and Mme. Max Choubiler. M. Bringau was also present, and the sultan insisted that he photograph the party. Mulai Hafid also operated the camera himself and took several pictures.

A few days later while M. and Mme. Bringau were breakfasting with some friends the revolt of the Shereefan troops began, and the crazed soldiers started their bloody work. The plates of L'Illustration's pictures were found in the ruins of M. Bringau's dining room, and were later developed in Paris.

Particular.

Two young sports met on Euclid avenue Tuesday morning. One was a mushy person who had all the money he wanted; the other was a hardened chap who wanted more money than he had. Said the first:

"I hear your uncle is seriously ill, old boy."

"I'm afraid he is," was the answer.

"Don't be a bally hypocrite. You don't love him, do you?"

"No."

"And you're his only relative?"

"Yes."

"Then why pretend you're not glad?"

"You darned fool! I've got two uncles—and the poor one is the one who is not expected to recover!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 2, 1913

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The water wagon will be well crowded—for a day or two.

Republicans needn't be one bit afraid of 1913. It couldn't be more disastrous than 1912.

On March 4th begins the Democratic period of lower prices and higher wages. It begins on that date but the Lord only knows when or where it will end.

Be patient. The State Legislature will convene in a few days. Congress will meet in special session in a month or so and will probably not get through talking for a whole year.

All signs indicate that the next Legislature will come mighty near to being a populistic convention. Every member seems bent on giving the people not only everything they want but a little bit more.

If every fellow kept his good resolutions there soon wouldn't be anything left for him to resolve about. Imagine this earth filled with perfect men. What would the weaker—we mean stronger—sex do?

Pennsylvania women are planning telling the Legislature they want equal suffrage. If there are enough married men in the Senate and House at Harrisburg suffrage for women will go through with a whoop. Only single men might be foolish enough to oppose it.

THE LURE OF THE CITY.

There is timely warning in a statement issued a day or two ago by the Inter-Church Federation of Philadelphia emphasizing that girls contemplating seeking employment in cities should consider well before leaving their homes. The statement points out that for the bare necessities of life a girl employed in the city must earn at least $8 a week. To warrant anything in the line of luxuries her salary must be more.

The vital significance of the warning is the declaration that the girl's salary dare not be less than $8 per week if she is to live away from home. Investigation of a large number of cases resulted in the deduction that the average girl cannot hope to earn much, if any, more than $8 or $10 per week as a clerk in department stores, offices, etc. Lest well-meaning and industrious but inexperienced girls in the country might imagine the figure unreasonably high, the several items that go to make up the actual cost of living are set forth as follows: Room rent with two meals, $5; lunches, $1.20; clothing and incidentals, $1 to $2. Presenting these figures the commission attaches this pointed utterance:

> "That so many dangers beset the self-supporting woman who has an inadequate wage or is out of employment for any length of time that we feel justified in issuing this caution and warning."

To earn her own living, to fight her own battle, is a laudable ambition with any girl. Unfortunately thousands of pure, innocent girls from the country are each year lured to the cities by the fanciful belief that once there they can win despite any odds. Arriving in the cities and thrown upon their own resources it becomes with many of them another story. Many department store clerks earn $8 per week and some receive even more. But they are far outnumbered by those who earn less, who earn barely enough to keep body and soul together. Discontent, discouragement and shattered hopes, and sometimes sickness and hunger, are the lot of many of the latter class. A few weeks out of employment means to them starvation unless—unless they wish to sacrifice pride and appeal to friends at home for help or remain where they are and sacrifice much more than pride.

Girls living and growing up in the country may imagine that life is to them at times monotonous and that they might just as well enjoy the pleasures that go with life in the city. It is a natural thought but one surrounded by many perils.

The average young girl in the country with even limited pleasures is often much happier than the ones tempted to taste the pleasures of life in the city—and for good cause.

A MEETING WITH TURNER.

The Artist Simply Enraged the Man Who Longed to See Him.

A printshop in London, kept by a man who thoroughly understood and appreciated the wares in which he dealt, once displayed in its window a fine but much stained and damaged engraving—one of a set from Turner's pictures. Turner chanced to pass and notice it and promptly bounced into the shop and began to abuse the dealer.

"It's a confounded shame to treat an engraving like that!" he blustered. "What can you be thinking about to go and destroy a good thing? For it is a good thing, mind you!"

"I destroy it!" responded the dealer hotly. "What do you mean by saying I destroyed it? And who the mischief are you, I should like to know? You don't look as if you could understand a good print when you see one. I destroy it! Bless my heart, I bought it just as it is, and I would rather keep it till doomsday than sell it to you! And why you should put yourself out about it I can't think!"

"Why, I did it!" said Turner.

"Did what? Did you spoil it? If you did you deserve"—

"No, no, man; my name's Turner, and I did the drawing and engraved the plate from it."

"Bless my heart!" ejaculated the print seller in a changed tone. "Is it possible you are the great Turner?" Then his temper rose again. "Well, sir," he added, "I have long desired to see you, and now that I have seen you I hope I shall never see you again, for a more disagreeable person I have seldom met."

ODD USES OF WHALEBONE.

Wigs Are Made of It, and It Stiffens High Grade Silks.

The notion is popularly held that whalebone is derived from whales' ribs, although many persons believe that it comes from the tail of the big mammal. Both notions are incorrect.

The function of whalebone in the life of the whale is of the utmost importance. The inner edges of the whalebone plates are frayed into innumerable hairlike processes, and the whole forms a sort of sieve whereby the whale may sift out its food from the sea water. It must be remembered that the food of this gigantic creature consists chiefly of minute organisms, crustacea, mollusca, etc., floating near the surface.

When the whale opens its mouth and moves along a great multitude of these minute forms of life find their way in. Then the whale closes its mouth, and the water is strained out through the whalebone sieve, and the food is retained.

The common uses of whalebone are known to everybody. It is, however, put to two uses not generally known even in England, where the fine internal fringes mentioned are employed in nal making of barristers' wigs. By reason of their lightness they retain the curl better than does ordinary hair. Fine whalebone threads are also sometimes employed to stiffen the tissue in high grade silks.—Harper's Weekly.

Feeling For Death.

For a week the self appointed guide to the blind on their daily walks had noticed that the two men who were her special charges felt carefully of the wall on either side of the door of the asylum when passing in and out. Since she was there to lead them, that precaution seemed not at all necessary, and she finally asked their reason for it.

"I am looking for crape on the door," one old man told her. "They don't like to let us know here in the asylum when any one dies for fear of making us feel bad, but they put crape on the door, and by feeling for it when we pass in and out we can find out for ourselves when one of us has gone."—New York Times.

A Train For Tyler.

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the presidential office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son Bob to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president and informed Bob that his road did not run any special trains for the president. "What!" said Bob. "Did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road."

Genius and Work.

Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

The Literary Waitress.

"Will you have a cereal for your breakfast?" asked the waitress.

"A serial? No, thank you," replied the witty guest. "I should prefer some short stories."

Whereupon she brought him some lambs' tails.—Chicago Post.

A Mean Dig.

Miss Passee—I've had many chances to marry. Only a short time ago a man told me of his love. Miss Pert—Did he also tell you the name of the lady? Meggendorfer Blatter.

A jealous man always finds more than he looks for.—Mlle. de Scudery.

HER ASSIGNMENT

It Was to Marry a Missionary She Had Never Seen

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Letitia," said my aunt the day after my uncle's funeral, "our income, small as it is, will be stopped at the end of this month. It behooves us to look the future squarely in the face.

"What we do in this world depends upon what we determine to do irrespective of distaste for the work, though what is distasteful one day may be a pleasure the next. Recently I saw it stated in a church journal that among the missionaries in groups of islands in the Pacific ocean there are but few women and nearly all of the clergymen who are devoting themselves to ameliorating the spiritual condition of the natives are without wives. The article went on to say that the bishop would pay the expenses of any young woman of good character who would go out to the islands of his diocese from a fund set apart for the purpose and would assign a clergyman to marry her."

I gasped for breath at this statement of my aunt's, for I knew from the fact of her having made it that she had determined to dispose of me in this manner. In those days there were few openings for women to make their own living, and if turned out to support myself I felt that I would starve. After giving me a few days to think over the matter my aunt forced me to a decision, or, rather, to consent to be shipped to the island of Tongatabu for the purpose of being married to a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church. It seemed like offering a prayer book for food to one who was starving. It was enough to be banished to such a place without having to marry a stranger.

My aunt, who was of strong will and intellect, endeavored to comfort me with the assurance that my husband would belong to a noble calling and would be educated. I pictured him a red headed, freckled man with high cheek bones and large joints. When not engaged in teaching the heathen he would be reading prayers and singing hymns. Instead of the love chats I had read in novels we would have the psalter, I humbly making the responses.

I thought my journey would never end, and I hoped it wouldn't. I was seasick, but that was nothing to meeting this awful man to whom I was to be given over to torture. The day we approached the island I leaned against the rail on deck and saw a concourse of dark skinned persons on the dock, among whom I could distinguish a few white faces. I could not restrain my tears, and when the ship was tied up to the dock I went ashore with wet eyes. I was the only woman to leave the vessel, and one who had been appointed to meet me had no difficulty in picking me out. A young man in clerical dress stepped up to me and with a pleasant smile asked me if I were Miss Letitia Trobridge. I replied that I was, and he relieved me of some hand baggage I was carrying, saying at the same time:

"The superintendent has received information from the bishop of your coming and that he had assigned you to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to the Rev. Adoniram Mudge. But I regret to say that I have some bad news for you. Can you bear to hear it?"

"I can bear anything."

"Well, your betrothed was sent last week to the neighboring island of Hapai to establish a mission, and this morning a boat came back with the news that he had been killed and eaten by cannibals."

The words "Thank heaven!" came up from my heart to my throat, but I repressed them. I had no difficulty in bursting into tears, for I was in tears already. I simply let go the dam, and they flowed forth in abundance.

"I should have waited," said the young man sympathetically, "till we had reached the mission and broken the news more gently."

"N-n-ever mind," I stammered. "I guess I can bear it."

On the way to the superintendent's quarters we passed here and there a man in clerical garb, all of whom looked at me wistfully and at my conductor with jealousy. Not a woman was to be seen anywhere, and it seemed to me that were these men not in the service of the Lord they would be soon shedding one another's blood to determine which should possess me. I wished that they might be thus disposed of like the Kilkenny cats and I might be permitted to build a funeral pyre under them after the custom of heathen widows of India and sail away on the ship in which I had come.

When we reached the superintendent's house or bungalow, or whatever it might be called, we found him a benevolent looking old gentleman, but considering that my lover was at the time being digested in the stomachs of the various natives who had eaten him the reverend gentleman felt it incumbent upon him to assume a lugubrious countenance.

"Owing to this affliction," he said, "the bishop's assignment cannot be carried out. I shall write him by the ship you came on requesting him to assign you to another of the Lord's servants."

I was about to ask him if this would require a long time when it occurred to me that the question might be misinterpreted to indicate that I was in a hurry instead of hoping that the ship that bore the message might be wrecked and all on board go the way of my intended husband, though into the bellies of fishes instead of cannibals.

"It will be several weeks," continued the superintendent, "before a reply can be received. Meanwhile my wife will be happy to take you under her care and give you a home here with us."

At this first mention of a woman on the island I felt a ray of comfort in my heart. The superintendent dismissed the young clergyman who had been my guide and leading me through a hole in the wall—I would not call it a door—presented me to his wife, a motherly old lady, who greeted me kindly, and for the first time since my arrival I felt a possibility of my enduring a residence on the island—that is, if the cannibals would kindly eat each successive husband to whom the bishop might assign me.

One thought, I admit, stood forth as a compromise between the sacrifice of these noble lives and my being permitted to remain single. If I might be assigned to the young clergyman who had met me on the dock and had been my conductor I thought I would be willing that the good work should go on without any more missionaries finding their way into the stomachs of the heathens.

And here, having come to the first lull in my agony, I will say a word as to this young man. He was about twenty-seven years old, of medium height, with fair skin and flaxen hair. When I came to know him better I noticed at times a twinkle in his eye that is not usual in persons whose minds are fixed upon a serious work. His smile was very winning, and his face, being clean shaven, displayed a mouth that might have been cut after a cameo. While I was waiting to be disposed of by the bishop this young man, Henry Stockbridge, was very kind to me, making my miserable life as little miserable as possible. Indeed, I came to contemplate a life with him, even with such barbarous surroundings, as quite endurable, and by the time my new assignment was expected I had come to the conclusion that if I were allotted to him I should not permit him to serve the Lord in any field where there were cannibals.

One day a ship was sighted making for the island and was soon recognized as the one that would bear the bishop's message. Oh, that I might see her strike a rock and go to the bottom! Henry Stockbridge was with me while I was looking at her, and I expressed my thought to him. Instead of receiving my wish with horror he asked:

"Why are you so averse to matrimony?"

"I'm not averse to it with the man of my choice."

"Have you a choice?"

I was so desperate that I had lost all maidenly shame. I was ready to go down on my knees to him and beg him to save me by marrying me himself.

"Yes," I said doggedly, "I have."

He knew well enough what would be the result of further questioning and spared me.

"Heaven knows," he said after a brief silence, "that if I were the man of your choice how gladly I would save you from being assigned to a husband in this unromantic fashion."

"Brutal fashion, you mean."

"Unfortunately in my case," he went on, "there is a barrier in the way."

I had the decency to let him tell it without asking him.

"You know," he continued, "that I am very high church."

I remained silent, but my bosom was heaving.

"I am resolved to celibacy."

An inspiration came to me, an inspiration to act at once and to the point. I threw up my arms with a wail and fell against his bosom. He clasped me, and I remained passive till I thought I heard a chuckle. Then I looked up into his face and saw the most wicked, merry, tantalizing spark I ever saw in the eye of a man. I was about to disengage myself when he tightened his arms about me and covered my face with kisses.

"You wretch!" I exclaimed. "You can remain in celibacy, and I will marry the man to whom I am assigned, if he is first cousin to Satan."

"Then I will wait for you till the cannibals get him, as they did your first betrothed. By the bye, this assignment business has been a put up job. I was informed that a young woman was coming out for a husband and told by the superintendent that I might meet her and, if I liked her, woo her in my own fashion. Adoniram Mudge is a myth. It was at my suggestion that the superintendent spoke to you of sending to the bishop for another assignment. That ship never took a message to him, and there is no reply from him on her. I have given you time to learn to love me. As for me, my mind was made up the moment I saw you."

I stood looking out at the coming ship through tears, this time happy tears.

"Are you weeping for Mudge?" asked my tormentor.

I turned and saw that same taunting look in his eye and sympathetic smile on his face.

I threw my arms about him and buried my face on his breast.

As the wife of Henry Stockbridge I remained on the island two years and was contented. Then he was called to a church in America, where my position as the wife of the rector was by no means unpleasant. I was and am thankful that I escaped what I most dreaded, a life of solitary labor.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

The Woman Makes the Home

She makes it best who, looking after the culinary department, turns her back resolutely upon unhealthful, or even suspicious, food accessories. She is economical; she knows that true economy does not consist in the use of inferior meat, flour, or baking powder. She is an earnest advocate of home made, home baked food, and has proved the truth of the statements of the experts that the best cooking in the world today is done with Royal Baking Powder.

LANDS OF FIRE.

Yet Iceland and Tierra del Fuego Are Glacier Bound Regions.

It is rather singular that both of the "lands of fire" are near the cold extremities of the globe—Iceland, far to the northward, and Tierra del Fuego, remotely south.

Iceland, to the eye, seems at first glance to be better named by the cold appellation. Its glacial fields are not only numerous, but in some cases these and the connected snow stretches are hundreds of square miles in extent.

But only a little travel into the interior, say to the site of the ancient Icelandic parliament at Thingvallavatn, discloses miles upon miles of such desolation as is possible only in a "land of fire." It is a very island of volcanoes, and, while they have been exceedingly well behaved for a hundred years or so, the great hot springs in the neighborhood of Reykjavik, the capital, indicate that the subterranean heat, if passive, is still very much alive.

Huge glaciers also mark the "cold land of fire" at the other end of the earth. Thus each of the two parts of the universe is properly named, whether the name be warm or cold.—New York Press.

How Frostbite Comes.

The first effect of cold on the skin is to contract the tiny vessels that connect arteries and veins. Arteries are vessels that take blood from the heart. Veins are those that bring blood back to the heart, and the connecting vessels are called capillaries. While these little vessels are contracting the skin itself becomes tenser. In a few moments or minutes the effects change. The tiny nerves whose stimulation caused contraction of the capillaries are more or less paralyzed, and the vessels dilate so the skin gets red. Soon the veins are dilated, and the skin becomes bluish. Then the nutrient fluid in the skin (the lymph) is coagulated, and the stretched skin ruptures or "chaps." If the cold is more severe its action is deeper, and the blood itself may be coagulated. This is frostbite.

Oppressive Politeness.

M. Ernest Lavisse has turned aside from his historical labors to relate a bonmot by his friend Massenet. It was at a time when the musician was changing apartments and the historian inquired the motive of the change. "I was too well known there," Massenet replied. "Everybody was too oppressively polite. Only the other day I happened to buy a penny stamp in a tobacconist's shop. 'Pray do not trouble to carry it,' said the tobacconist. 'It will give us the greatest pleasure to send it round to you.'"—Westminster Gazette.

Evolution of a Play.

"They tell me that plays are built up. Is that so?"

"It is," answered the playwright. "Here is the method. I cop a joke. I tell it around, and it goes. Next I make a dialogue of it. Then I add a character, and it becomes a vaudeville sketch. If it still goes good we make three acts of it, and then it's a play."—Kansas City Journal.

While He Waited.

Little Girl — Mr. Lingerlong, is a quietus something you wear? The Young Man—No, Miss Kitty. Why do you ask that? Little Girl—'Cause I heard sister tell mamma the other day she was going to put a quietus on you the next time you came. — Chicago Tribune.

Would Help Some.

"What good does it do a woman for a man to be willing to die for her?" he grumbled.

"He might carry a big life insurance, you know," she hinted.—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic.

Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack? Jack (who has just settled a dressmaker's bill)—Yes, but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—London Opinion.

SAVED THE COLORS.

A Hero Who Was Buried Wrapped In His Flag by the Enemy.

During the Austro-Prussian war a body of Prussian soldiers came upon a ditch half full of wounded and dying Austrians. Among those who were badly wounded was a young officer. They found him lying on his back in the wet ditch. Touched with pity for him, some of the Prussians went to him and wished to remove him so that he might be attended to by the surgeon. But he besought them to leave him alone, telling them that he felt quite comfortable. Soon after this he died. Then when they lifted his body they found why he had begged them to leave him alone. He had been the standard bearer for his regiment.

In the terrible battle of the day the flag had been torn into tatters, and when he was sore wounded so that he soon must die his soldier spirit was still strong within him, and rather than let the "bit of rag" fall into the enemy's hand he folded it up and placed it beneath him so that none might see it. This was why he would not let himself be moved by the kindly Prussian soldiers. He would die protecting the precious flag.

His foes were so touched by his noble action that they would not take away the trophy, but wrapped it around him that it might be buried with him.

A Swindle.

An old couple went to a Dublin theater to have a night's amusement. The great Mrs. Siddons was playing "Mrs. Haller," and the poor bodies were kept crying all the evening. At length, at one of the scenes where the great lady came in with her handkerchief again to her eyes, the old man could stand it no longer and, starting to his feet, cried out, "Ye long nosed thief, ye call this divarshun?"

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor and the fourth wit.—Sir William Temple.

How's This ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

J. F. CHENEY CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of an order issued by the Orphans' Court of Centre County the undersigned will expose at public sale on the premises near Matternville, in Patton Township,

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 25th, 1913,

at 1 o'clock P. M., all the following described real estate, late the property of Mrs. Fannie Carson, deceased:

A certain messuage and tract of land situate in Patton Township aforesaid, beginning at a post in the Half Moon road; thence along said road and line of William S. Gray, South 61 degrees East, 12 perches to post; thence by same, South 18 degrees West, 18 perches to post; thence South 67 degrees West, 3 12-25 perches to post; thence North 32¼ degrees West, 26 3-5 perches to post on line between Hartsock and Gray; thence North 69¼ degrees East, 22 23-25 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres and 82 perches net.

Thereon erected a two story frame house with cellar, stable, pig-pen, etc. Apple orchard and other fine fruit, as well as a good cistern on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of purchase money on day of sale, balance of one-half on confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year from confirmation, and to bear six per cent. interest and to be secured by Sci. Fa. bond and mortgage on the premises.

HARRY KELLER,
Att'y.

THOMAS A. HARTSOCK
Admr. Fannie Carson, dec'd.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

A. M. Butler was a business visitor in Bellefonte on Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Anna Kaupt and Nelle Holter were visitors in Lock Haven on Tuesday.

John Knarr departed for Milton, last week where he will visit for a few days.

Hon. John A. Woodwood was a business visitor to the county seat on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Pletcher are visiting at present among relatives in Bellefonte.

Nathaniel Pletcher, of Clearfield, spent his X-mas vacation with his family in the township.

Williard Yearick departed last week for Philadelphia, where he has secured employment.

Charles Woodward, of Philadelphia made a one-day visit and spent X-mas with his father and sister.

Ruth Gardner, of Altoona, is spending a few days visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gardner.

Mrs. S. H. Bennison and daughter, Helen, took dinner with relatives in Mackeyville on Christmas.

John Turner and sister Mattie, visited a week or so with their brother in Juniata during the holiday season.

Samuel Schenck, of Altoona, spent his few days of holiday vacation as the guest of his mother on South Walnut St.

Mrs. Decker, daughter Laura, and son Roy, of State College visited a few days last week at the home of Lewis Beck.

Miss Grace Schenck, of Milesburg, spent several days last week with he, parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck.

Miss Myrtle Brouse, of Trenton, N. J. has been spending the past few weeks as the guest of her aunt Mrs. Mary Wensel.

Mrs. Maud Earle, of Chicago, Ill., is visiting at present with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rimert, on Sperring Street.

Samuel Holt and daughter and Eugene Hall, of Unionville, spent the Sunday before X-mas as pleasant callers in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cheeseman, of Canden, N. J., took pleasure in spending X-mas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Weber.

Minnie Robb, of Pittsburgh, is spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Robb, Jr., on Marsh Creek.

Lloyd Daughenbaugh, a student in Potts School of Business, Williamsport, spent several days last week at his home in the township.

Ellis Pletcher, who for the past few months has been employed in Detroit, is spending his X-mas vacation with his father, Henry Pletcher, of the township.

Miss Lauretta Weber, who is teaching in Elk county, and Miss Josephine Muffly, teaching in Clearfield, enjoyed a week's visit with their respective parents.

Misses Susie and Flora Pletcher employed in one of the eastern cities of Penna. were home to enjoy Xmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pletcher.

Willard McDowell departed last week for one of the eastern cities where he took treatment and this week is home and is getting around without the aid of crutches.

Mrs. DeHaas and son Charles, visited several days last week in Williamsport and were accompanied home by her daughter Margaret, who is teaching in Elizabethtown, N. J.

Messrs Thomas and Frank Robb, who have had experience of farming in the west for the past seven months came home from Prophetstown, Ill., to spend a few weeks with their respective parents.

Misses Josephine and Mae Deitz, of State College, visited here several days last week and were accompanied home by Russell and Hilda Wagner and Clair Leathers, the latter returning on Monday of this week.

Among the guests who spent X-mas at the family circle at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kline were Eugene Kline, of Coalport, Nelle Kline, of Northumberland, and Mr. and Mrs. George Robb and son of Altoona.

Robert Rothrock, of this place, and Helen Strout, formerly of this place but now of Lock Haven, were married in Lock Haven on X-mas day and are at present visiting his aunt Mrs Orrin Allison. They have the best wishes of their many friends.

A Christmas Cantata was given on Christmas night by the young people of the Christian Chapel. A very pleasing program was given to a large and attentive audience. A duet was sung by the Misses Geneveive Pletcher and Marion Cooke. The address was delivered by Rev. McCracken.

Among the students who were home for their holiday vacation were Ronald Welsh, of Lock Haven Normal; George Pletcher, of Dickinson Seminary; Gertrude Thomas and Jennie Kane, of Albright College, Myerstown; Nell and Helene Weber, of Comb's Conservatory of Music, Philadelphia.

It has been announced from an authorative source that the Pennsy expects to run the first train over the new railroad by Sunday next. Workmen are busy completing the laying of the rails and it is hoped that the two sections will be joined by Sunday.

Miss Hallie Woodward gave a New Year's party to a number of her young friends on New Year's eve. Among the amusing and interesting games of the evening was the "spider web." A delightful supper was served and the last hours of the old year were pleasant ones to the young folks present.

New Year's was ushered in by the ringing of the school and church bells and a noisy time in general. The bell from the old Furnace school house was taken from its hangings and brought to town where it was placed on a telephone pole and rung for some time during the night and all day by the small boys.

Prof. F. M. Pletcher, chairman of District No. 3 Teacher's Local Institute committee has announced an interesting and comprehensive program for the institute to be held in the Methodist church here Friday evening and Saturday. Questions of interest to parents, teachers and directors will be discussed and besides the program is interspers d with music and literary selections.

Pine Grove Mills.

John Ishler and W. H. Glenn are grip victims.

Miss Esther Osman was a holiday visitor in Altoona.

G. F. Miller was a Mifflinburg visitor several days last week.

Now we're with 1913, and to all a happy and prosperous New Year.

The famous White Horse made many halts through the valley on the first of 1913.

Mrs. Eleanor Burd and two bright little youngsters were here over Christmas.

Yule tide never run so high here before. Happiness, good cheer and presents galore.

H. S. Illingsworth, ot Bedford, spent the holiday season at Grandpa H. M. Snyder's home.

Arthur Burwell is making locomotion go on crutches, having painfully cut his foot with an ax.

Misses Mary and Ruth Goss and a friend, Miss Margaret Craig, of Tyrone, were here for Christmas.

There has been much general happiness and many fortunate family reunions and neighborhood dinners hereabouts.

A New Year's dinner was served at the W. K. Corl home. Their 12 children, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law comprised the happy group.

Prof. S. P. McWilliams, of Cannonsburg; W. P. Ard and Ralph Heberling, of Selinsgrove University, and Dr. H. L. Fry, of Milton, were home for the holidays.

Miss Lillian Dale and Mrs. E. L. Kidder are among the sick. The venerable H. W. McCracken's condition is not much improved. G. W. McWilliams and George Beahers are very much improved, we are glad to note.

Christmas entertainments were held in the M. E. church at Fairbrook on X-mas eve; in the Pine Grove Lutheran church, and Pine Hall Reformed church Christmas evening, and at Baileyville Presbyterian church also on Christmas evening. At each place an excellent program was rendered.

The Week of Prayer will be observed in the M. E. church at Pine Grove Mills beginning with Monday evening, January 6th. Revs. Mr. Stover, Harnish, Pittinger and Spangler will be present. The meetings will be a reunion of all denominations.

John S. Dale is a very sick man, suffering blood poisoning caused by a wound in his thumb. A trained nurse and two physicians are in attendance and his life hangs in the balance. He was a candidate for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer at the recent primaries.

E. W. Hess is housed up from the effects of a tussle with his big Deacon, that turned on him and knocked him out in the first round. It required several shots to kill the enraged animal. The same animal made a charge on Newt. Hess some weeks ago, and would have killed him had not some neighbors arrived just in time.

Last Thursday morning while Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Musser were at the barn doing the chores, their house caught fire and almost went up in smoke. Their two little boys were left alone in the house and it is thought they in some manner tampered with the fire. The lounge was soon ablaze and the flames spread rapidly. The youngsters might have perished in the flames.

A new Trust Company is being organized at State College, in conjunction with the First National Bank, with a capital of $125,000 subscribed in a very short time. A meeting of stockolders was held on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Cashier Kapp presided. The following were elected directors: J. T. McCormick, Dr. William Prear, N. E. Hess, C. H. Foster, I. L. Foster, George Shull, J. M. Campbell, Thomas Shuey, Dr. E. L. Kidder, E. C. Musser, J. P. Jackson and W. L. Foster. J. T. McCormick was elected president of the Trust Company; N. E. Hess, vice president; Dr. Kidder, second vice president; D. F. Kapp, treasurer; N. E. Robb, secretary. W. L. Foster succeeds Mr. McCormick as president of the First National Bank; C. H. Foster, first vice president, and A. F. Markel, second vice president.

Mt. Eagle.

Happy New Year to all.

Well, Christmas is past and everybody his happy over it.

The handle factory is enjoying a boom at present, the plant working day and night.

Mrs. Joseph Morgan, of Vintondale, arrived on Monday to visit a few days with her husband.

Mrs. J. B. Leathers, who has been afflicted with rheumatism for sometime, apparently is not much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz were in Danville last week attending the funeral of Mrs. Cyrus Deitz, of that place.

Mrs. Cora Leathers Bartruff, who visited here with her mother for a short time, has returned to her home in Duncannon.

The Anderson Bros. have shipped one of their big engines to Mt. Eagle to distribute slag along the new track as fast as the rails are laid.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant ate their Christmas dinner in Bellefonte with their daughter, Mrs. Thomas Shaughnessy, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barger, of Newberry, enjoyed Christmas with Mrs. B's father, William Bitner, on the farm, returning home on Thursday morning.

Mrs. George Hiram, who spent the latter part of the week in Lock Haven with her sister, Mrs. Garthoof, returned home on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bowers and son, Charles, visted a day recently with Mrs. J. B. Leathers. Mrs. Kurtz, of Bellefonte, was also a guest recently for dinner at the Leathers home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Aikey, of Bellwood, spent Christmas in Mt. Eagle with Mrs. A's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz. Miss Anna Deitz, a nurse-in-training at the Lock Haven hospital, was also home for the holidays.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. A. W. Reese spent Thursday in Tyrone.

Mrs. Mary Young visited in Tyrone over X-mas.

Clark Chaney made a business trip to Altoona Saturday.

H. M. Crain, wife and baby, Morton, are all on the sick list.

Mrs. H. H. Osman is now visiting her children in Pitcairn and Trafford City.

Miss Evelyn Shultz, of Philipsburg, is visiting her father, William Shultz.

Miss Florence Cogan was a Sunday visitor at her uncle's, A. B. Woodring.

W. T. Patton made a short trip to Philadelphia, returning Sunday night.

W. E. Williams and family spent Sunday at Mrs. Williams' home at Bald Eagle.

Mr. Miller, of Bellwood, is spending some time with his aunt, Mrs. Adam Cowher.

Walter Bennett, a P. R. R. employee of Tyrone, made a flying visit home last Tuesday.

Misses Bella Eller and Ethel Crain were among those who spent X-mas day in Tyrone.

Wilbur Woodring and wife ate X-mas dinner at the home of Daniel Funk and mother in Tyrone.

Prof. J. A. Williams returned to Philadelphia Thursday, after a pleasant X-mas with his family here.

Mrs. J. F. Weidman and daughter, Esther, of East Liberty, spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. O. C. Jones.

Miss Lillian Osman is again home, after an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Toner Newman, in Johnstown.

Blake Williams, a student at State College, is home on his vacation, also spending part of the time in Altoona.

James and William Weston, of Galitzin, spent a day last week with their mother, Mrs. Lucinda Weston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Rabert and Miss Parker, of Snow Shoe, were Christmas guests at the home of William Shultz.

Last Tuesday Harry Bennet, of this place, and Ruth Lewis, of Winburne, were united in marriage by Squire A. W. Reese.

Mrs. J. M. Graham, Jr., and baby, of Newton Hamilton, were pleasant visitors at her parental home, O. C. Jones', during the past week.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger and son, Samuel, returned home Sunday night from a short visit with relatives in Philipsburg.

Misses Ruth Cowher, Mayme Laird and Leora Harshberger spent Sunday, December 22, very enjoyably at Rev. W. H. Williams', at Blandburg.

L. F. Williams and family, of Altoona, spent a few days with Mrs. Lytle, who is Mrs. Williams' mother, also with Daniel Heitzel and Daley Lytle.

Miss Edna Woodring and Masters Chaney Woodring and Ernest Moyer, of Dilltown, former residents of this place, are visiting friends and relatives here.

The Week of Prayer union meetings will open in the Baptist church, Sunday evening, January 5th. Come and help with these meetings, everybody.

The M. E. church will have an oyster supper in Reese Hall, Saturday evening, January 4th. Other choice eatables will also be served. Ice cream, cake and candy for sale, also.

The Fourth District Local Institute will be held in the Baptist church of this place Friday evening and Saturday, January 10th and 11th. An interesting program is being prepared and the teachers, parents and all others are invited to attend and make the Institute a success.

Lemont.

Willis Houtz is improving slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hoy were visiting in Altoona over Christmas.

Carrie Rishel is teaching the Houserville school for the balance of the term.

William Williams, of Juniata, recently visited his mother, Mrs. Alice Williams.

Miss Myrtle Williams, of DuBois, is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Rishel.

P. C. Bradfords expect to move this week into the house that Dr. Allen vacated.

Quite a number of young folks attended the entertainment at Pine Hall Christmas evening.

Roxie Houser is home and expects to stay till March, when she will return to her position.

The community was grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Jacob Shuey and wife, also of Mr. Hockman, of Millbrook, and Lynn Bottorf, of Lemont.

Woodward.

Daniel Stover is suffering from a stroke of paralysis.

Dr. George Ard, from Spring City, and Wilson Ard spent Christmas with their parents.

Mrs. Ida Michael, from Centre Hall, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in town.

Fred Guisewite and William Weaver, from Akron, Ohio, spent their vacation with their parents.

Mrs. Phoebe Wise and Mrs. Barner spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Samuel Orndorf at Coburn.

William Haines and wife, from Mitchellville, Iowa, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. J. A. Haines.

Charles Knarr, having spent a week with his grandmother, Mrs. Glantz, returned to his home in Yeagertown on Monday.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.35
Butter, per pound	.30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.90
Wheat, red	.95
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.35
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

White Flame
Full, clear—never flickers
FAMILY FAVORITE
The Best Lamp Oil
At Your Dealers.
For the sake of the family's eyes.
FREE—320 page book—all about oil.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gasolines Lubricants

Blanchard.

Thomas Winslow, of Orviston, visited at the Laura Bechdel home on Sunday.

Prof. and Mrs. J. Milford Pletcher, of Howard, were visitors here on Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Snyder, of State College, visited on Sunday with her aunt, Sarah Snyder.

Mrs. H. A. Snyder is spending the holiday season with her children at State College.

Mrs. J. E. Foresman and son, George, and little baby Paul, spent Christmas with Mrs. Sarah Rothrock.

Roy Burlieu, who visited with his parents and friends over Christmas returned to his duties on Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Bechdel returned to her school on Sunday, after a pleasant week's visit with her friends and relatives here.

Captain and Mrs. J. A. Quigley and daughter, Kathryn, enjoyed a Christmas visit with their son, Henry C. Quigley, at Bellefonte.

Talk about your big porkers. George Peters, of near Beech Creek, last Friday butchered one that weighed 658 pounds dressed. John Muthler killed one that tipped the scales at 582.

Blanchard Lodge No. 427, I. O. O. F., held the annual banquet last Saturday night in Quigley's hall and it proved to be a most delightful success. About 250 guests were present.

Mrs. DeLong, widow of the late David DeLong, a former resident of near Romola, died on Saturday, last, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Rufus R. Johnston, at Avis. Interment was made at that place on Monday.

We were glad during the holiday season to greet Russel Bechdel and Samuel Smith, who are self-made young men holding good positions in Pittsburgh. They are always welcome visitor here and we wish them all the success in the world in the year 1913. Boys, come again.

Peter Eaton, who resided here when a child, died on December 21st, at the sanitarium at Mt. Alto. His death was due to tuberculosis. Deceased was aged 44 years and was a son of John C. Eaton, of Blanchard. Surviving are his father, one brother, Philip and one sister, Mrs. Mansell, who resides at Williamsport and with whom the deceased lived. The remains were brought to Blanchard for interment, the services being conducted by Rev. S. S. Clark, of Milesburg.

Constable William Coder had an opportunity several days ago to try out his legs and qualify as a 100-yard-dash sprinter. He was not exactly in training for the spurt, but he went at it with just about as much vigor as a college athlete fresh from the training table. Two young men had some unpleasantness while at the Christmas entertainment, one trying to strike the other as they were leaving the Baptist church. Constable Coder took the alleged offender in hand at the church entrance and placed him under arrest, but the latter broke away and started off on a run. The constable went after him at a lively clip, but the younger man managed to elude him until the following day, when he was apprehended and later was held under $100 bail for court.

Mrs. F. H. Thomas entertained at flinch on Wednesday evening.

Miss Rebecca Rhoads is home after an extended visit with relatives in New York.

Mrs. David R. Foreman was in Philipsburg this week in attendance upon the funeral of her brother, the ate Clarence Smith, of Johnstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. John Curtin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Quigley and Col. and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds had a New Year's day dinner at the country club.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Anna Irvin Blanchard and Mr. Reed of Clearfield. The wedding will be in August, following which they will go to Beirut, Syria, where the groom-to-be is a professor in a college. Miss Blanchard formerly resided in Bellefonte but for several years has made her home in Chicago. The wedding of her sister Miss Christine Blanchard and Mr. J. Norman Sherer, will take place in the near future.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring

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Bellefonte, - - - - Pa.

1853 1913

THANKS

This year we enter upon our

60th YEAR

in the Drug Business. We desire to thank our many customers for their patronage--We have tried to furnish them with the BEST GOODS at fair prices--We believe there is 'nothing too good for our customers' --During this year if you want anything from a pill to a postage stamp, the place to get it is at

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

New Year's greetings to Foster B. Schenck, of Blanchard, in appreciation of his kindly letter of yesterday renewing his subscription to "The Republican" for the year 1913.

Penny-A-Word Column.

LOST—A gold watch in the Bush House; name Roy H. Grove engraved inside case; return to this office; reward.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Competent girl wanted for cooking and general housework. Apply to MRS. CHARLES E. DORWORTH, 19 West Linn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—3 high grade bull calves, 1 heifer calf, from 4 to 6 mo. old, sired by Thornwood Vale Posch Pietertje No. 52124 H. F. H. B.; bred to high grade Holstein Fresian cows, with a high milk and butter record.

ROBERT MUSSER,
Spring Mills,

Henry T. Hockman Dead.

Henry T. Hockman, who was a good, Christian man and a splendid type of citizen, died on Friday, December 27th, at his late home at Centre Furnace. At the time of his death he was almost 82 years old. He was a wheelwright by trade and continued as such until about 1890, when he engaged in the milling business. Surviving to mourn the passing away of a devoted husband and father are his widow and these children: Charles W. and Miss Sarah, at home, and Miss Anna, of Danville. Mr. Hockman was a life-long member of the Evangelical church. He was held in high esteeem by all who knew him and his loss is one keenly felt by many admiring friends. Funeral services were held on Monday, last, from the Houserville Evangelical church, conducted by Rev. C. C. Shuey. Interment was made in the Houserville cemetery.

W. T. Twitmire is enjoying a visit with his son and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur Twitmire, in Lancaster.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Casebeer will move into the Gardner property, in High Street, at present occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

The First National Bank of Bellefonte Wishes You a Happy & Prosperous New Year.

WANTED

About January 10th we shall require Firemen $2.25, Water Tenders $2.25, Helpers $2.40, Fillers $2.31, Iron Carriers $3.00, Loaders 7c. per ton, Engine Crews $2.10 to $3.25, and Laborers $1.65. Railroad fares will be advanced to men accepted. Address

WM. A. MOORE,

Vice President, Tonawanda Iron & Steel Company,

NORTH TONAWANDA, NEW YORK.

ARGUE LICENSES JAN. 15

Testimony Taken at Philipsburg as to Nsed of Saloons There.

Judge Orvis will hear argument on January 15th in the matter of the remonstrances filed against all thirteen applications for liquor licenses for that town. It is not likely that he will hand down his license decisions before the latter part of the month.

On December 26th testimony was taken at Philipsburg on the question of whether or not liquor licenses are deemed necessary for the successful operation of hotels in that town. R. H. Gilbert, of Tyrone, represented the remonstrators, while Messrs. Zeigler, of Philipsburg, and Zerby and Spangler, of Bellefonte, appeared for the license applicants. A stenographic report of the testimony was later turned over to Judge Orvis. Telling of the hearing at that place, the Philipsburg "Journal" said:

Those opposing the licenses called some ten or twelve witnesses, some of whom testified that in their judgment a hotel could be run without a license to sell liquor, and that consequently no license was necessary in Philipsburg. Others testified that if there was to be license, there was no necessity for so many licensed places as we now have.

Those applying for license called some ten or twelve witnesses, besides the men making application, who testified that in their judgment these licenses to sell intoxicating liquors were necessary. Some of the witnesses said they never patronized the bar room of these places, yet in their judgment such licensed places were necessary.

The distinction between the necessity for a hotel, and the necessity for a license to sell intoxicating liquors, was made by the attorney against the license. Some of the witnesses against licenses said a hotel could be run without a license, while some of the witnesses for the licenses said a hotel could not be run without a license. That seems to be the point in question—is the licensed saloon a necessity in Philipsburg, not are the hotels necessary.

The Gazette Times 1913 Almanac.

The Pittsburgh Gazette Times will mark the advent of the new year by issuing its 1913 Almanac, a 500-page book whose every page is packed to the brim with useful information and data of everyday value. The Almanac is well printed, substantially bound, and contained within handsome colored covers. The scope of the book is almost encyclopedic. Beginning with a calendar, specially prepared by the Allegheny Observatory and based on mean Pittsburgh time and intended for use within a radius of 150 miles of Pittsburgh, the Almanac contains a series of interesting surprises as compared to stock publications of this nature.

The book was prepared and printed by The Gazette Times in Pittsburgh. Every line in it is original matter, compiled at great expense and with minute care. Its data will be found of extraordinary value to the residents of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Not only are the affairs of the general government brought down to date, but the affairs of the three states as well. Politics, religious matter, complete and authoritative sporting records of every description, the latest compilations of the Census Bureau at large and also with reference to the three states, the public schools, the woman's suffrage movement and a hundred other matters of live public interest are treated exhaustively, and always there are facts. With all this the Almanac is a mine of general information, splendidly indexed so as to be readily accessible to the busy man and woman. The Almanac is a book for the housewife, the farmer, the mechanic, the banker, the merchant and the professional man. There are a few items of major information in the book which in themselvea, are easily worth the nominal price which has been put upon the work.

The book will be on sale by all agents of The Gazette Times at 25 cents a copy, or may be ordered by mail for 25 cents. The Almanac will be ready in a few days.

Married at Spring Mills.

Miss Lodie Rishel and Tibben Zubler were married at 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, December 22, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr, and Mrs. J. M. Rishel, at Spring Mills. The wedding ceremony was witnessed by a few intimate friends of the happy young couple. The bride was until recently a teacher at the Penn Hall school. The groom is engaged in teaching at Farmer's Mills. They are popular and accomplished young people and have numerous friends who wish them all the happiness in the world.

Your Opportunity and Ours.

Ours is the only magazine covering exclusively the great events of Outdoor Life; the higher class narratives of adventure, travel and achievement in the open; also hunting, fishing and all sports. It is superbly printed and illustrated. We require the services of one man in each county to handle subscription agents. Generous inducements to workers. Write us NOW for sample copy and full details. Address OUTDOOR WORLD PUBLISHING CO., Box 732, New York City.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Miss Margaret Stewart is visiting with friends in Baltimore.

Miss Sarah McClure visited last week with friends in Tyrone.

John Woods, son of mail carrier Ed. Woods, spent the holidays with friends in Tyrone.

Miss Katherine Musser has accepted a position in the law offices of W. Harrison Walker.

Mrs. Hugh S. Taylor entertained a number of friends at dinner on Tuesday evening.

Clarence Rine, of Bellefonte, spent the Christmas holidays with friends in Lancaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider visited with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman, in Tyrone, on Sunday.

Miss Eva Showers, of Kennet Square, visited here during the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Samuel Showers.

Jack Dale, a student at Penn State, enjoyed his Christmas vacation here with his mother, Mrs. Florence Dale.

Paul Wetzel was home from Buffalo, N. Y., to eat his Christmas turkey with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Wetzel.

Randolph Hoy, a Bellefonte boy who is making splendid progress in Pittsburgh, was back in town to spend his Christmas vacation.

Miss Betty Heinle, of Philadelphia, visited here during the holidays with her father, Hon. W. C. Heinle, and her brother, J. Mac Heinle.

Charles Gates, of Woodlawn, nearby Pittsburgh, visited in Bellefonte during Christmas week, returning to his home on Sunday.

Miss Minnie Cherry returned home this week from Philadelphia, where she enjoyed the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Harry Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Musser and son, Harold, came down from Altoona to enjoy Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Musser.

Miss Margaret Walsh, a nurse-in-training at the Mercy hospital in Pittsburgh, visited over Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Julia Walsh, on East High Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, who visited over Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, at Rutherford, N. J., returned home on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harper and little child, of Columbus, Ohio, were in Bellefonte for Christmas, visiting with Mrs. J. C. Harper and also the Barnharts.

Max and Jay Wallace, who are employed at Akron, Ohio, enjoyed their Christmas vacation in Bellefonte with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Wallace.

Miss Katherine Musser returned home on Tuesday of last week from North Tonawanda, N. Y., where she had been visiting for several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moore.

Norman Kirk departed yesterday for Jacksonville, Florida, where he will be employed on the United States soil survey. He was until December 21st located at Wendell N. C.

Joseph Fauble was too busy handling the holiday trade at his big clothing store in Monongahela City to enable him to be home on Christmas, so he postponed that delightful trip until Sunday, last, when he arrived here to visit for a day or two with his mother, Mrs. Martin Fauble, on East High Street.

A number of Bellefonte stores report record-breaking sales during a few days preceding Christmas. On Saturday Montgomery & Co., Sim the Clothier, The Index and Claster's broke all records. Faubles had on that day the biggest business since 1905. Virtually every store in town was rushed to its capacity to handle the holiday trade.

There will be several changes among tenants in Petriken Hall in the next few months. Dr. Edith Schad will occupy the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bottorf. Miss Lida Thomas will probably occupy the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Jenkins, who will in the future reside in Tyrone. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris, whose home has been at Wayne, near Philadelphia, for several years, will occupy the Dr. Edith Schad home in Spring Street.

Among our friends who found time to call and extend Christmas greetings in the shape of renewing their subscriptions to "The Republican" were David J. Gingery, the hustling dealer in lumber at Martha; D. O. Dorman, of Nittany, who is employed on the big Huyett & McNitt lumber job at Waddle; William Clark, of Osceola, tax collector and all-around good fellow, and Martin Reese, the popular passenger conductor on the Snow Shoe railroad. In grateful appreciation of the good wishes extended by them we trust that each had the very merriest kind of a Christmas.

One seldom picks up a newspaper or magazine but that he finds the proverbial joke about the boarding-house and the constant hostility of the boarders toward the manager. Mrs. Tanner's boarding-house in Bellefonte does not come under this class. Far from it. Her boarders are her friends, due to the excellence of her table and the good service throughout the house. Her boarders gave substantial evidence of this when they last week presented her with $20 in gold as a Christmas gift. Lawyer A. A. Dale made the presentation speech and appropriately voiced the sentiments of those who contributed toward the fund. Mrs. Tanner greatly appreciated the gift and the spirit which prompted it.

Among the old Bellefonte boys who drifted back to town to spend Christmas was Harry Spicer, who left here sixteen years ago and who now holds a responsible and lucrative position at Scottdale, near Pittsburgh. Harry greatly enjoyed himself while looking up old-time friends and chums. One little incident served to mar his visit. He had a pocketbook containing $50 or more in a hip pocket. Having occasion to use some money he reached into his pocket only to discover his purse was missing. He made the best search he could, but there was little or nothing to aid him to locate it and with a final resolve not to worry any more about it he said farewell to the money and devoted himself to having a good time. He returned to Scotdale on Monday.

An Expensive Find

An American Is Captured by an Italian Bandit

By WALTER WAINROW

Some twenty years ago Reginald De Witt, a young American, after being graduated from college went to Italy for a brief trip before settling down to a profession.

A Roman young lady, Elena, daughter of Signor Ferrari, a prominent citizen and member of the Italian parliament, captured the heart of the American, and he proposed for her hand. Her heart he already possessed. Considerable time elapsed before he could induce her father to give her to him, for his fortune was not more than $20,000, and he had no income except what he derived from this source. Indeed, it was not till he received a subordinate appointment in the archaeological corps of the Italian government that Signor Ferrari consented to the marriage.

Soon after his betrothal De Witt was directed to take charge of the excavations being prosecuted at Pompeii. While thus engaged he heard of some graves that had been discovered far back in the hills back of Vesuvius that had remained undisturbed for many centuries. Such places of sepulture are a treasure to the archaeologist, for men have always been prone to bury with their dead such articles as they have been accustomed to use in life. De Witt determined to go alone to the graves and trust to luck to find those near at hand to assist him in opening them. But when he reached them, being disappointed in finding laborers, he borrowed tools from a peasant woman and set about the work himself.

Removing the top earth from one of the graves, he uncovered a headstone, and this he raised with a crowbar. In a stone coffin lay a skeleton, on the arms of which were antique bracelets, while scattered about were a stone lamp, articles of toilet and dishes of food. De Witt was about to remove these archaeological treasures when he heard a voice behind him say:

"Good morning, signor. You seem to be pleased with what you have found on my domain."

De Witt turned and saw a man covering him with a rifle.

"But," continued the newcomer, "these antiques are expensive. You can't expect to get what has been sealed up for 2,500 years for nothing."

"I will pay you a fair price for these articles. What do you ask?"

"In the first place, signor, I know you and what you have with which to pay. Friends of mine in Rome have informed me that you have satisfied Signor Ferrari that you possess 100,000 francs in American bonds. These bonds are deposited with Barnote Bros., bankers, in Rome. In payment for these articles of which you have proposed to rob me I shall require these securities turned into gold. You will send for the gold, and I will permit you to depart with these relics of a past age."

"And if I leave your treasures?"

"The bargain is already made."

"Suppose I refuse to complete it?"

"In that case it is quite likely that some archaeologist several centuries hence will open that grave and find your bones in it."

De Witt understood this perfectly. It meant either his fortune or death.

"Are you Giovanni Ricadonna?"

"I am."

Giovanni Ricadonna was at that time the terror of the environs of Naples. A threat from him to kill if a ransom were not forthcoming was always made good. De Witt saw at once that this misfortune would not only deprive him of his little estate, but his love. He did not yield at once. Indeed, he told the bandit that he was in doubt whether to accept death or assent to his demands. Ricadonna took him to one of those cave dwellings formed by an inclosure in the rock and partly made by hands that were probably used by some peasant centuries ago. There he succeeded in convincing his captive that he must either die or surrender his fortune. De Witt wrote a note to his banker to turn the property into gold and send it by the bearer. The messenger was a grape grower who lived in the vicinity.

A week passed, when the messenger returned with the money. The authorities did not dare to have the police track him for fear the captive would be killed. Ricadonna took the treasure and, blindfolding his prisoner, put him on a horse and traveled with him for the greater part of a day; then, the bandage being removed, they stood on the heights back of Sorrento.

"Adieu, Signor De Witt," said Ricadonna. "I would advise you to return to America, make another fortune and bring it to Italy. They say money is made very rapidly in your country, and I shall doubtless in a few years be selling you some more archaeological treasures."

So saying, he turned his back on the American and led his followers in the direction of Amalfi.

De Witt stood for awhile looking out on an entrancing scene before him. Directly beneath was Sorrento perched on the cliff, the waters of the bay curling in on the strip of beach or against the stretch of rocks at its base. The waters today were deep sea green, from which protruded the volcanic rocks Capri and Ischia, while northward and to the east towered Vesuvius, emitting smoke from its apex. Had it not been for the probable loss of the girl he loved he would not have deplored being robbed of his fortune, for his was an intellectual temperament. He carried, rolled in paper, the articles he had taken from from the grave he had opened, and this was some solace. Ricadonna had persisted in regarding the matter as a sale and had handed him the trinkets just before leaving him.

The neighborhood was familiar to De Witt, and, descending a steep declivity to his left, he struck a road that wound around down into Sorrento. From there he proceeded northward to Naples and took a train for Rome. Having communicated with Signor Ferrari, he was informed that if he had nothing to settle on his daughter the marriage could not be permitted. Elena wrote him a tearful letter, resigning him, for Italian girls are brought up with the understanding that marriage for them is to be arranged by their parents.

A year passed, during which De Witt and his Italian love pined for each other. Signor Ferrari arranged several matches for his daughter, but she would not give her consent to any of them, and he was loath to force her into a marriage against her will.

One day De Witt was walking on the Via Nationale, one of the most crowded streets in Rome, when he met a man whom by a single feature he recognized instantly. Giovanni Ricadonna had an eye especially fitted for terrifying his captors. De Witt had looked into it and been convinced that without the surrender of his fortune he must die. Without this feature he would never have recognized the bandit, for Ricadonna was dressed in the costume of an ordinary Italian gentleman.

Ricadonna, on seeing De Witt looking at him, knew that he was recognized. Throwing all the vengefulness that he could call up into his expression, he indicated to De Witt that if he informed upon him he would kill him. But it was no easy matter under the circumstances to frighten the man whom he had robbed of his love. The Via Nationale was a very different place from the lonely mountains bordering on the bay of Naples. De Witt turned and followed his captor.

Ricadonna went on down the street till he came to Trajan's column without turning to look behind him. At that point De Witt saw a couple of the carabinieri coming toward him and, attracting their attention, pointed to Ricadonna. A moment later a hand was clapped on each one of the bandit's shoulders. He turned, ready to spring upon his enemies; but, seeing that he was about to resist them, they pinioned his arms, and he was powerless.

"He is Giovanni Ricadonna, the bandit," said De Witt.

The villain gave De Witt another of his terrifying looks, but it was of no avail. He was hurried away and lodged in prison.

De Witt, hoping to recover some part of his lost fortune, went to the jail to see the captive.

"Signor Ricadonna," he said, "I have a proposition to make you. Whether I can do my part in it depends upon the will of the Italian government. As to your doing yours, that depends upon whether you have spent the money with which I purchased my life. If not it is possible that you may now purchase your life with it."

"It remains intact where I placed it," said the robber.

"And you will give it for your life?"

The bandit considered for a few moments, then said that on a promise of the government to spare his life he would tell where the money was concealed.

De Witt made an application to the government to be authorized to carry out the agreement, but was refused on the ground that the robber should no longer terrorize the Italian people. De Witt, seeing the justice of this, did not press the matter, and Ricadonna suffered death, but before he was executed he attempted to bribe his jailer to permit him to escape by the promise of buried treasure. The jailer insisted on knowing the location of the funds, and Ricadonna, catching at a straw, told him that it was hidden back of Sorrento.

The jailer, either because he was incorruptible or because he did not trust Ricadonna, took no action in the matter, but after the bandit's death told De Witt about it. De Witt at once inferred that the hiding place was near where he had been left by Ricadonna on the heights back of Sorrento. Without much hope of finding it, he determined to make a thorough search of the region in question.

Had the money been buried in the ground with nothing to mark the spot a search for it would have been futile. As it was, its finding was more easy than would have been supposed. Not an eighth of a mile from where De Witt stood when his eyes were unbandaged was a culvert, through which a small mountain stream flowed under the road. De Witt explored the culvert, and near the upper end he noticed two rocks that appeared to have fallen together. Removing one of them, he came to a small opening. Pulling away earth and small stones, the aperture became larger, and through it the explorer passed into an excavation in or under a rock that formed a room. In the room, among other things, was an iron box filled with gold and silver pieces.

There was more than enough to restore De Witt's loss, but he took nothing away, notifying the police. Since he had made the discovery the government paid him the 100,000 francs he had lost and kept the balance for restoration to those to whom it belonged.

De Witt renewed his proposal for Elena's hand and was accepted.

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A Detective's Singular Experience

He Located His Quarry, but Lost the Game

By HELEN ATWATER

"Mr. Hawkins," said my chief, "you have the name of being the slickest detective on the staff. I wish you to try to catch the slickest adventuress the country has ever been troubled with. She has called herself Mrs. Wainright, Miss Thorpe, Margaret Vane, and it is suspected that she has masqueraded as a man calling herself Edgar Martindale."

"What crimes has she committed?"

"That's a secret. We are employed to produce her by a private party who agrees as soon as she is in our power to furnish the necessary papers to hold her. What we are expected to do is to catch her, and there is a good $15,000 for doing it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you snare her I'll give you the lion's share, $10,000."

"I suppose you have located her."

"I have. A telegram has come from an agency in Chicago stating that she was seen in that city yesterday, and by my order a shadower has been put on the case with instructions to keep her in sight till we can send a man there to pounce upon her. I wouldn't trust one of their men, for I believe she would be too sharp for him. Besides, it will require one to whose judgment we can trust not to put us in a position antagonistic to the law."

"I see," I replied, and after some more talk as to details I left the office and that evening was speeding on a train to Chicago.

I will call my quarry Margaret Vane, since that is the most attractive of her various aliases. The morning I reached Chicago I reported at the detective agency that had put the shadower on her, and a man was sent with me to the house where she was staying, a family hotel, where on looking over the register I found her entered as Mrs. Thorpe. I asked the clerk if a Mr. Howland was staying at his house, and when he said no I told him that I had come there to meet him and that I presumed he would appear either that day or the next. That gave me an excuse to go to the hotel frequently and loiter about there if I found it expedient to do so.

There was no photograph of the lady to be had, and my first work must be to locate her among the guests. I didn't care to make an arrest. In fact, I could not well do so without requisition papers, which I had not. I must proceed very differently. Indeed, I could form no plan, but must be guided by circumstances. I had a description of the woman I was after, and the first one I spotted turned out to be the lady herself. I call her the lady because to look at her and on hearing the well bred modulated tones of her voice no one would take her for anything else. She was about twenty-two years old, comely and either to the manner born or had the faculty of personating one who was. It occurred to me that the work I was engaged in might be dangerous. I couldn't get it out of my head that she was not an adventuress, but a typical lady. I did not wonder that the chief had admonished me to exercise caution.

I kept Miss Vane under my eye except in the middle of the night by putting a woman in the hotel to post me at the slightest sign of any intended move. The day after my arrival my watcher told me that my quarry had been visited during the day by a gentleman of a professional cut. She had followed him when he went away, and he had gone to a law office. Inquiry about him there resulted in discovering that he was the junior partner of the firm of Whitney, Johnston & Gregory.

I lost no time in finding out the standing of the firm and learned that they were not criminal lawyers, but did a general law business of the most respectable kind. What they could have to do professionally or otherwise with a woman whom I had understood was wanted for some heinous offense I was at a loss to imagine. Mr. Gregory, who had visited her, was a good looking young man, and I thought it possible, even probable, that she had got him under her thumb, as I inferred she had got other men under her thumb, and despite the fact that he was a lawyer would relieve him of his surplus cash.

My spy reported a day or two after I reached Chicago that Miss Vane had called for her bill. Where she was going was not known, but I felt it necessary to remain at her hotel that night till the last train had left for anywhere and be there in the morning in time to take the first. The lady did not depart that night, but about 8 in the morning, carrying only a light suit case, she took a carriage. I called another and followed her to the Union station.

I was next in line behind her when she bought a ticket, which was for Philadelphia, and I purchased one for the same place. I was delighted at the change, for it would be beneficial to get her nearer home. Shortly before the train started a young man came into the car where she was and where I had followed her and up to the time the train left they were engaged in earnest conversation. I had not seen Gregory, but he had been minutely described to me, and I was sure this person was he and that he was giving her instructions on legal matters in which she was deeply interested.

When he left her I saw their hands linger in a clasp and believed that the woman was playing him. She nodded another goodby to him from the window, and he turned just before they lost sight of each other and threw her a kiss. From the moment of his departure her face took on a troubled look, but it was nothing compared with the agonized expression that came over it when her glance lighted on me. The start she gave led me to believe that, having seen me at the hotel and being constantly hunted, she had at once assumed that I was after her. At any rate I did not believe that she had been warned against me, though as to this I was by no means certain.

I was sorry to be the cause of so much dread in an attractive girl who, for all I surely knew to the contrary, might be perfectly innocent of any wrongdoing. But I remembered how deceptive criminals are, what nerve they have, and I was puzzled to understand why this one gave herself away so plainly at the sight of a detective. Perhaps it was this that affected me. Not that I had much pity. The $10,000 I was to receive for her capture counteracted that. But somehow every once in awhile it came over me that something was wrong in the case, and, remembering that my chief had taken it from private parties, doubts would constantly be coming up as to whether I was on a profitable hunt or whether I would catch a tarter.

However, I resolved to remain on the train till I and the woman reached Philadelphia, and from Pittsburgh telegraphed the chief to have some one in that city to shadow the lady to her stopping place, for it was plain that it would not do for me to follow her. Meanwhile on the way, fearing she would elude me by getting off the train, I never let her out of my sight a moment. In fact, I did not close my eyes during the night of the journey. The $10,000 I was to earn was quite enough to keep them open.

Our train should have reached Philadelphia early in the morning, but a delay had thrown us three hours behind time. Between two cities at the eastern part of our journey the train made no stop for more than an hour. We were running very fast to make up time, and, not being able to think of any way Miss Vane could get off the train, even if she wished to, and I being very sleepy after my night's vigil, I permitted myself to drop into a doze.

From a doze I must have sunk to sleep, for when I awoke forty minutes had elapsed. Naturally I looked to make sure my quarry was still present.

She was not in the car.

I went at once to the saloon and tried the door. It was unlocked. No one was within. I went through the train, looking into every seat, every corner. Miss Vane was not to be found. I asked the conductor if we had made any stop during the period I had been asleep. He replied in the negative.

I shuddered. The woman, driven to despair, must have jumped off the train.

That was the last I saw of Miss Vane, at least for more than a year. I watched the newspapers with a view to finding information of a body of a woman having been found on the line of the railroad I had traveled on, but never saw any such mention. I did not stop at Philadelphia, going right on to New York, where I reported the strange case to my chief. He was very cool to me, blaming me for having gone to sleep and saying that the train had doubtless slowed up going through a town and the woman had jumped off.

Some fourteen months after this mysterious disappearance I saw a notice in the society columns of a newspaper that Henry Gregory of Chicago would the next day marry Miss Edith Vinton, a New York heiress. Curiosity led me to the church where the ceremony was performed, and who should the bride be but my quarry.

I was not long in getting an explanation. The party who had given us the case was an uncle of the lady. He had succeeded in having her placed in a retreat as feeble minded in order to retain possession of her fortune, he being the administrator of her estate. She had escaped and in order to dodge those he employed to catch her had passed under various names. The chief was deceived in the premises by the administrator taking the case without the proper information.

As to the lady's disappearance from the train, it was done in this wise: Passing through a town, our train steamed at a good rate of speed beside another going the same way. Miss Vinton, confident that I was after her to return her to the retreat she dreaded, went to the rear door of the car without being observed and passed out on to the platform. At the moment the two trains were moving at equal speed. Then her own train began to gain on the other, but very slowly. When two platforms came together she bravely stepped aboard the other train.

This information I got from the lady herself, for I called on her husband and told him of my efforts to make an arrest of Miss Vincent before she became Mrs. Gregory under a misapprehension of the facts. I apologized through him and begged him to permit me to apologize directly to his wife. He promised to secure me this permission, if possible, and after a time sent me an invitation. After I had explained my connection with the matter I asked her how she had escaped and received the explanation given above.

"I could never have done it," she said, "except that I was sure you were intending to take me back to that dreadful imprisonment."

She was then in possession of a large fortune.

THE LAST CRY.

Drapery Almost Classical on Evening Frocks.

OF SILVER AND ROSE BROCADE.

Classical simplicity is brought to a climax of artistic skill in the exquisite evening frock seen in the illustration, which is carried out in silver and rose brocade. The long lines are almost unbroken from the bust to the end of the train, while at the back the brocade is caught up at the knee in a single well placed festoon, from which the material falls in graceful folds.

Gray satin boots with glass buttons match the costume.

A Geographical Game.

Two captains are chosen from among the players, and these in turn choose their sides until the party is equally divided. For convenience it is well to seat the parties in two rows, facing each other. Chance decides which captain shall begin the game. This he does by calling the name of a city or town, and then counting ten. Before he has finished counting his opposite opponent must call out the location of the city—that is, the state or country in which it is situated.

If he answers correctly he in turn calls the name of a place, and the second player in the opposite row must locate it before ten is counted. Should any player fail to answer before ten is counted, or answer incorrectly, he or she must drop out, and when there is but one player left on either side that one is the winner.

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A New York agent for small flats and apartments says he lets only to business couples, man and wife who both go to business. Then he says there is no trouble all during the day about complaints of steam heat, and hot water is not used for laundry work or kept running in the kitchen by the hour. He has everything hot and cozy about breakfast time and again in the evening, but during the day, except on Sundays and holidays, the fires are kept low. He finds there is a great saving in running expenses and can afford to let apartments out for less than other real estate men.

Corn Mills.

Corn mills are often mentioned in the Bible. The original corn mill much resembled the modern druggist's pestle. Moses forbade corn mills to be taken in pawn, for that he thought was like taking a man's life in pledge.

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Mrs. Isaac Walker Dead.

Mrs. Isaac Walker, a life-long resident of Centre County, and at one time living in Bellefonte, died on Friday of last week at her late home near Penn Hall. Her death was hastened by a stroke of paralysis suffered a short time ago. She was a highly esteemed Christian woman and her death is deeply lamented by a large circle of friends. She was a life-long member of the Lutheran church. Funeral services were held this Thursday morning at 9.30 o'clock at the Salem church, conducted by Revs. Mr. Geesey and Mr. Donat. Interment was made in the Salem cemetery. Surviving tomourn her passing away are her husband and seven sons, as follows: Charles, who lives at Hollidaysburg; Milton, of Marengo; Willis, of Altoona; Roy, of Freeport, Illinois; Grover, of Spring Mills; Foster, of Lock Haven, and Irvin, at home. Surviving also is one sister, Mrs. Showalter, of Millmont, and one brother, James Smith, of Washington, D. C.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens, stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.—Advt.

Found Dead in Room.

William C. Allen, who was for a number of years chief baker for George A. Brown, of the Osceola Bakery, was found dead last Friday in his room at the home of his employer, where he boarded. He was out the greater part of the night, and not reporting for duty during the morning nor appearing for dinner, the sound of deep breathing heard in his room earlier in the day and finally missing altogether, aroused suspicion The door being locked, entrance to his room was effected through a window, when, to the surprise of those making the investigation, his body was found lying cold in death.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regulets, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regulets bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.—Advt.

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Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.0	1.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.4	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.8	1.18	f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	1.30	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

Happy New Year.

John Lane visited his home in Cambridge during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Allison had a large family dinner on Christmas.

Mr. Clifford Thomas and son were Christmas guests of Miss Mary Thomas.

Misses Margeurite and Sarah Potter gave a tea on New Year's day, from 4 to 6.

The Centre County Boys Club gave a dance in the Bush Arcade on New Year's eve.

Miss Emily Natt entertained at a dinner of six covers on Friday evening, last.

A closing leap year dance was given on Friday evening, last, at the Logan Hose House.

At her New Year's dinner Miss Myra Humes entertained guests from Jersey Shore and Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon and Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff departed on Monday, last, for Philadelphia.

Joseph D. Mitchell and children, of Burnham, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison Walker will move from their suite in the Bush House into the house now occupied by Mrs. S Cameron Burnside.

Frederick and Philip Reynolds enjoyed their Christmas vacation with their parents, Col. and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Irvin saw the old year out and the new year in as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Surfas, at State College.

The members of the Undine Fire Company will hold a euchre and 500 party in their hall on Wednesday evening, January 8th.

Miss Rilla Williams was hostess at a Christmas dinner at the Bush House to a party of eight, including Mr. and Mrs. Surfas, of State College.

Miss Dorothy R. Jenkins, a student at the Indiana State Normal School, visited over Christmas in Bellefonte with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Fink, of Mahaffey, were royally entertained over Christmas at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Joseph L. Runkle, on East High Street.

Miss Maude Decker has returned to her home at Pine Grove Mills, after a most successful season in the large millinery department of Joseph & Co.'s store.

Thomas Glenn, one of the efficient clerks at Joseph & Co.'s store, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Glenn, at Pine Grove Mills.

Mrs. John Johnstonbaugh and daughter, Helen, of Pitcairn, and Mrs. Samuel Morrison, of Tyrone, spent Christmas here with their mother, Mrs. Sarah Confer.

Miss Martha Shoemaker, who is attending school at Mt. Saint Vincents, was home for the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker.

Miss Onmacht, while walking in the street a short time ago, had the misfortune to slip on a piece of banana peeling, causing her to fall heavily and tear and sprain the ligaments of her ankle.

General and Mrs. James A. Beaver had as yuletide guests Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert A. Beaver and daughter, Margaret, of Yorktown Heights, N. Y., and Miss Millicent Prince, of Crafton, whose engagement to Thomas A. Beaver was recently announced.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fuertes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Pamelia D. Cable, to Mr. Samuel Hart, formerly of Bellefonte but now of New York. The wedding will take place in the early spring. The groom-to-be visited in Bellefonte over Christmas.

A pleasant and welcome caller at "The Republican" office on Tuesday was William Barndt, of Curtin, who is one of our valued subscribers. It will be our pleasure to continue sending "The Republican" to his home during the year 1913, and we trust the year will be one of success and prosperity for him.

With her unfailing regularity and promptness, Mrs. S. E. Saterfield, who is one of our valued readers in Bellefonte, dropped into "The Republican" office on Tuesday to wish us a happy New Year and also to extend her subscription. That the year 1913 be even happier for her is our earnest hope.

The First National Bank of Bellefonte this week presented to patrons one of the handsomest and most serviceable calendars probably ever seen in this section. Aside from the calendar figures are historic portraits and scenes, a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, the population of every city and town in Pennsylvania, and numerous other features.

On Friday of last week Mr. and Mrs. F. Potts Green celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. They enjoyed the day quietly at their home and received the congratulations of intimate friends. Incidentally, Mr. Green is entering upon his sixtieth year in the pharmacy business in Bellefonte. Happily he and Mrs. Green are in good health, despite their advanced years. May the year 1913 have many blessings in store for them.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dawson, of DuBois, arrived in Bellefonte on Monday night, having been summoned here by the serious illness of their son, Glenn, who is at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. William Dawson. Glenn, who is a fine type of young man, came to Bellefonte to spend the Christmas holidays with his grandmother. While here he caught cold and pneumonia developed. The attending physicians are confident that he will recover.

Mrs. J. L. Spangler several days ago met with a very painful accident and one which for a time it was feared would necessitate the amputation of a finger. With Colonel Spangler she was leaving their home on Allegheny Street and one of the massive doors was suddenly closed against her finger, crushing it. The injury caused her intense pain and it was thought at first that the finger would have to be taken off. Happily this proved unnecessary.

Prof. J. R. Hughes was a business visitor to Pittsburgh on Tuesday.

Mrs. Louise Comerford and son were Christmas guests of Mrs. S. Cameron Burnside.

Miss Janet Scott was home from college to spend Christmas with the McCurdys.

The Bellefonte public schools resumed work on Monday after a one-week holiday vacation.

J. Harold Fisher, of Unionville, was a pleasant caller at "The Republican" office a few days ago.

Misses Elizabeth and Mary Blanchard recently entertained Mrs. A. Wilson Norris, of Harrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard entertained Mrs. All and daughter, of Germantown, over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos G. Cole, of Lewistown, were visitors over New Year's day with relatives in Bellefonte.

Miss Marie White, of Williamsport, visited in Bellefonte as the guest of Miss Powel during Christmas week.

Mrs. Merryman and son, Don, of Yonkers, N. Y., were Christmas visitors with Mr. and Mrs. John Blanchard.

R. B. Treaster, collector for Potter township, transacted business with the County Commissioners on Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Bitner visited on Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bitner, at Beech Creek.

Dr. Lee B. Woodcock, of Scranton, was in Bellefonte to enjoy Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Anna C. Woodcock.

Mrs. James B. Lane is home after a ten days visit in McKeesport with her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lane.

Charles and George Harris were Christmas visitors at the home of their mother, Mrs. Rachel Harris, on North Spring Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Morris very delightfully entertained the latter's father, Mr. Lyon, of Pittsburgh, during the holiday season.

Irvin O. Noll, principal of schools at Conshohocken and a former High School teacher here, was a Bellefonte visitor over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Murry Andrews, who had been in Philadelphia, returned to Bellefonte to open their house for the Christmas season.

Holiday season guests at the P. Gray Meek home were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Morris and son, King, of Pittsburgh, and Mrs. VanNorman.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Seibert entertained at a dinner and after-dance on Monday, December 23rd, in honor of their house guest, Miss Bolick, of New Mexico.

Tom and Clarence Hamilton, of New York, visited here over Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thad Hamilton, on East Howard Street.

Herbert McCoy and son Richard, of Jersey Shore, spent Christmas at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCoy, on Thomas Street.

John Toner Harris, who is stationed at Harrisburg for the Bell Telephone Company, was home with his mother, Mrs. Henry P. Harris, during the holidays.

Opera House, Saturday, January 11—The Famous Keene the Magician. Matinee with popular prices. Night, 25c to 75. Don't miss seeing the greatest living magician.

Misses Elizabeth and Mary Blanchard and John Blanchard were in Ridley Park, near Philadelphia, on Saturday, last, in attendance upon the wedding of their brother, Edmund Blanchard.

Miss Ellen Hayes, a student at Briar Cliff, was home for the Christmas holidays, and was accompanied by Miss Carrol, of Texas, for whom she gave a tea on Saturday, December 21st.

Miss Sarah Bogle, who holds a responsible position with the Carnegie library, in Pittsburgh, visited over Christmas with her mother, Mrs. E. Norris Bogle, at the Forge House.

Prof. Jonas E. Wagner, principal of the Bellefonte public schools, was a genial caller at this office a day or two ago. It won't be so very long, now, until his son will enroll as a student.

L. D. Fye's favorite driver, a pony, is laid up with lockjaw, caused by stepping onto a nail, and one of E. C. Ross' mated blacks is ill. Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, is the attending veterinarian and both animals are recovering.

There was a delightful family reunion of the McClures on Christmas. Charles McClure and Mr. and Mrs. Harry McClure, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McClure, of Renovo, all were home and enjoyed the day with Mr. and Mrs. James L. McClure.

January 15, the world's renowned play, "The Lion and the Mouse," on its first visit to Bellefonte. The people here by giving liberal support to this well known attraction will encourage the management of Garman's Opera House to secure other shows of an equally high type.

The morning topic at the Presbyterian church on Sunday, next, will be "The Good Ship 1913." The congregation expects to observe "The Week of Prayer." Dr. Hawes has outlined a series of addresses on the subject of "Prayer." Monday, January 6th, the subject is "A Call to Prayer;" Tuesday, the 7th, "Let us Pray;" Wednesday, the 8th, "Prayers Whose Answers Hurt;" Thursday, the 9th, "Ceaseless Praying;" Friday, the 10th, "Storming the Gates With Prayer." The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated Sunday, the 12th.

A genial caller at "The Republican" office on Tuesday was J. F. Harshberger, of Hublersburg, whose mission was to advance his subscription another year. Some persons, including the writer, would guess Harshberger's age to be somewhere in the neighborhood of 63 years. Incidentally, the guess would be away off. On January 23rd, next, Mr. Harshberger will be 78 years old, although his general appearance and activity would suggest that he is 10 or 15 years younger. He is a Civil war veteran and apparently when a young man was endowed with a remarkably good constitution, for at 78 he seems to be more vigorous than lots of 50-year-olds in Bellefonte.

Herbert Hull and Harold Kirk returned this week to North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Miss Ruth Brown, of Freeburg, is visiting at the home of Rev. C. W. Winey.

Mrs. Louis Friedman, of New York, will arrive today to visit her father, Herman Holz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison Walker enjoyed New Year's day at the former's parental home at Salona.

Richard and Frederick, sons of Charles T. Noll, enjoyed Christmas with their Grandma Cardon, at Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. John Larimer are receiving congratulations on the birth several days ago of a fine little son.

Misses Katharyn McCoy and Lulu Morrison spent the Christmas holidays at Miss Morrison's home in Tyrone.

Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Nissley visited during the Christmas holidays at Mrs. Nissley's parental home at McKeesport.

Housewives in Bellefonte greatly appreciated the handsome plates from Brouse's grocery during Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bicketts, of Curwensville, returned home on Sunday after a very enjoyable visit with friends here.

Mrs. William Brouse, of Huntingdon, Indiana, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Landis, on Curtin Street.

James Saylor, of the "Republican" corps, visited on Wednesday and Thursday of last week with his sister, in Tyrone.

Harry Stevenson, for several years janitor at the Court House, has resigned. His successor is Josiah Ziegler, of Pleasant Gap.

Miss Verna Brice, stenographer for President Sparks, at State College, spent her Christmas vacation with her parents in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. George Richards, of Braddock, were entertained over Christmas here by Mr. and Mrs. John Richards.

Miss Mina Gerginski, a graduate nurse at the Bellefonte hospital and now connected with a hospital in Baltimore, is visiting with friends here.

Liveryman Frank Bartley on Friday, last, made an assignment, Homer Barnes being named as assignee. His liabilities are said to be upward of $4,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller will depart on Saturday for Charleston, West Virginia, where they will be guests of Judge and Mrs. Benjamin F. Keller.

Walter Furst, who has a fine position in New Haven, Conn., was home with his mother, Mrs. A. O. Furst, to enjoy the Christmas holidays.

Miss Fannie Elmore, at one time a resident of Bellefonte, visited with the Rankins here during the holidays, returning to her home in Wilkinsburg yesterday.

The trustee's sale of the store goods of W. H. Macker, voluntary bankrupt, will be held at the store room, in the Crider stone building, on Tuesday morning, January 7, at 10 o'clock.

Miss Ethel Dale, a student at Goucher College, Baltimore, is enjoying her Christmas holiday vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Dale, on North Allegheny Street.

R. Clarence Daley, employed by Nickola Brothers' general contractors, in Pittsburgh, was home to spend the Christmas season with his mother at Romola. He is one of the assistant foremen on some of the large contracts handled by the Nickola Brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dorworth, of Baltimore, visited over Christmas with the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth. David J. Jenkins, of Detroit, Michigan, and daughter Alice, of Milton, visited at the Dorworth home on Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Topelt and son, Richard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent Christmas here with Mrs. Topelt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Brouse. Mr. Topelt was compelled to return to Brooklyn the following day, but Mrs. Topelt and little son will remain for a week or ten days.

A. B. Steele, collector for the Bellefonte Gas Co. and the Bellefonte Steam Co., was in Tyrone on Sunday, called there by the serious illness of his wife's brother, Jack Steele, who at one time resided here and who for a number of years has been a freight conductor on the Bald Eagle valley. Jack had been working pretty hard and last week collapsed as a result of nervous prostration. He was in the act of coupling the air tubes between two cars when he fell over in a helpless condition. He lay prostrate across one of the rails, between two cars, and had the train started before others lifted him out he would have been instantly killed. He was unconscious for ten hours or more, but finally rallied and now is on the road to recovery.

Rev. J. P. Hughes, who is now traveling toward his 86th milestone, figured in a little accident on Friday of last week which might have resulted more seriously. It is customary for Mr. Hughes to take a drive each morning, and he goes out for his daily drive regardless of what the weather is like. Notwithstanding the fall of snow on Thursday night Mr. Hughes started out for his customary drive on Friday morning. He was driving up High Street, and had just crossed the Spring creek bridge when George Sunday came spinning along Water Street in his runabout. George checked the speed of his car to make the turn into High Street, and observing Mr. Hughes just a short distance in front endeavored to make a sweeping turn to clear the buggy. The wheels of the automobile skidded on the snow-covered street and it was impossible for George to avoid a collision with the Hughes buggy. The car bumped into the front wheel of the buggy, smashing it and giving spectators quite a scare. The buggy was not upset and the horse fortunately made no attempt to run away. Mr. Hughes was apparently not ruffled the slightest by the accident and calmly sat in the buggy and waited until the automobile had been backed away from the wrecked wheel. Determined not to let a little thing interfere with his pleasure drive Mr. Hughes picked up his blankets, walked back to the livery and after securing another buggy went out and enjoyed himself just as if nothing had happened.

In Appreciation of the liberal Patronage enjoyed by us during the Year 1912, we extend Thanks and New Year's Greeting to our Friends, the Public.

Sim The Clothier

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In Happiness

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